THE LIVING AGE

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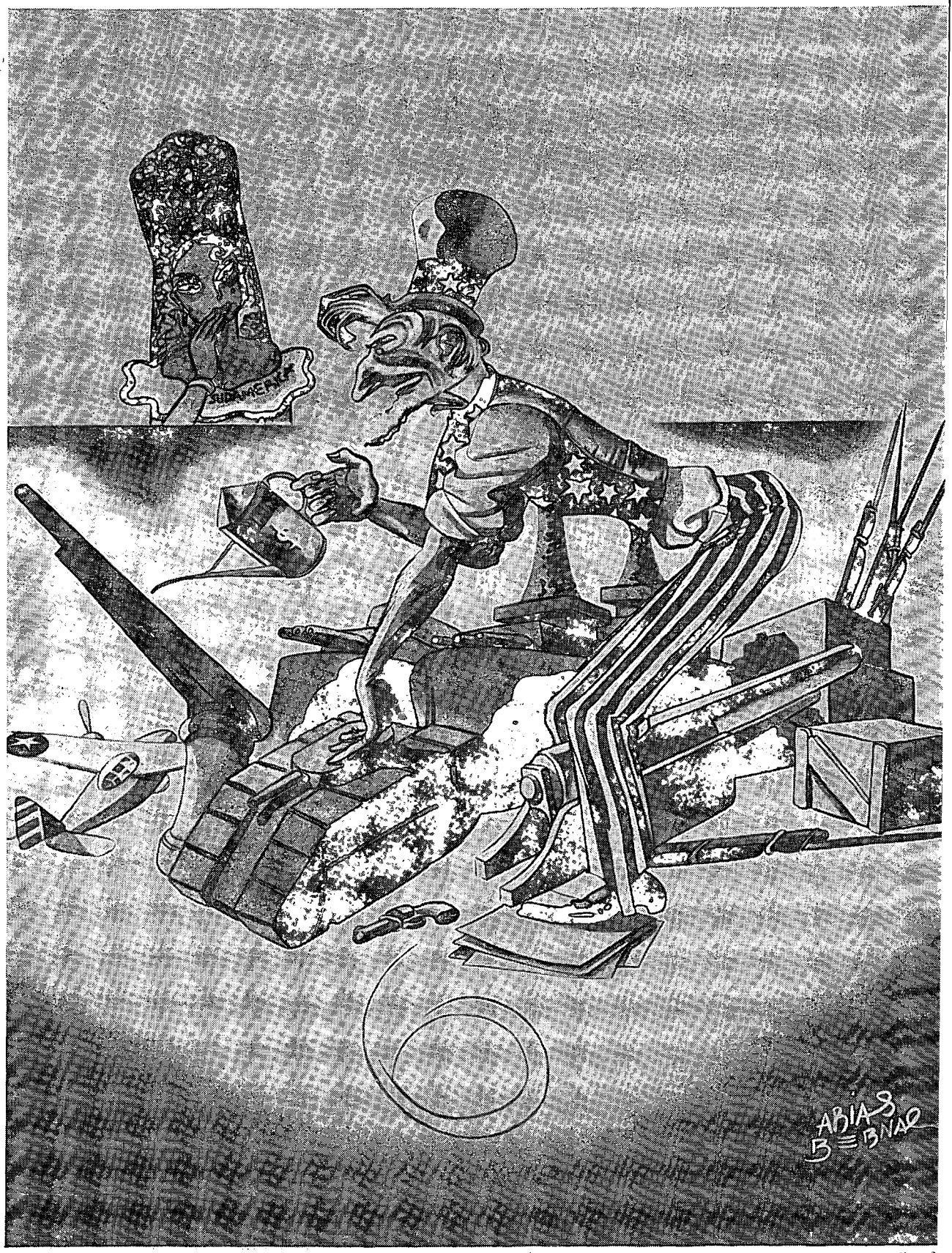

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell
In 1844

January 1941 *Volume 359, Number 4492*

The World Over

THE last die-hard isolationist and the remaining congenital ostrich in this country must have folded their tents like the Arabs and silently stolen away, after the Nazi blast at America just before Christmas. The official statement by the German Foreign Office spokesman is tremendously interesting to every citizen, because of the things it reveals, rather than because of the things it says. Inveighing against our "moral aggression" and unsupportable "pinpricks," is a new song played on an exceedingly old instrument.

With true Wagnerian musicianship, the Nazi poobahs are composing a tragic opera in which the leitmotif is insistently recurrent. And the familiar burden of the leitmotif adds up to this: America will be attacked if she shows a spirit of independence and the will to resist—overrun if she supinely accepts the German command to appease. The tune was run over in practice sessions before the rapes of Czechoslovakia, Poland, the Low Countries and Scandinavia. It was given a try-out performance before the fall of France.

Now, Hitler makes ready for his grand tour.

The British Empire performance is not doing too well, and the German Government must look ahead, hopeful of better-paying audiences. The only good prospects left are in the Western Hemisphere.

Our answer should be clear to the Germans by the time this ink is dry. That answer will not be couched in words. There can be, and will be, only one answer that the Nazis will understand. It is more guns, more planes, more ships, more tanks, more trained men, and a goodly supply of exceedingly dry powder. That has ever been America's reply to tryants.

Historically, this position has proved itself correct. We have, since

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our first beginnings, successfully defended ourselves because of our ingenuity, courage and sturdy faith in our institutions, and we shall do so again if faced by the stark necessity.

If the sad hour arrives, when we must take up arms, we must be prepared to launch an immediate offensive—a blitz attack that will quickly sweep the despots off the torn face of the world. We do not want to be compelled to do that, but if the unpleasant duty is forced upon us we shall not hesitate, we cannot hesitate a single moment. We must be ready to strike, and strike hard and fast. To do less would be treason to our sacred trust as citizens of a free nation.

This duty imposes upon us the need to increase our defense production threefold or fourfold in the early months of 1941. By spring we must be an armed camp, prepared for any eventuality. That may spoil Hitler's scheme for conquest. It's just an off chance, but worth considering.

The German nation seems to have made a complete revolution on the wheel of history, and it seems this is where we came in, back in 1916. At that time a gentleman named Wilhelm, then called Kaiser, began sending threats startlingly similar to this recent missive. Unfortunately, we then had as Secretary of State an apostle of appeasement named William Jennings Bryan. And he had a chief who, to a degree, backed up his policy, President Woodrow Wilson. However, Wilson finally became convinced that appeasement wouldn't work, so he ordered Bryan to answer Wilhelm in fighting terms. Bryan refused, and resigned. But it was too late, the Germans had already decided that we were soft.

Today, the Germans aren't quite sure about us. Their foreign policy is proof of that uncertainty.

But America is not, and cannot be concerned with what any foreign government is thinking or planning. In these times any attempt to fathom those thoughts is both hazardous and foolhardy. Our course is clear. We must be ready for whatever eventuality we may be called upon to face, we must strengthen England with the utmost that we are capable of giving, we must build our armaments and our moral forces until we are impregnable.

The German rattlesnake has given us the first warning. When we strike we must kill the snake, not scotch it.

Quid pro Quo

DESPITE the cries of the Falangists for the return to Spain of the empire of Philip II, despite the press attacks on the democracies, on Jews, on gold—in slavish imitation of Nazi and Fascist newspaper editorials—the likelihood is remote of an early entry of that country in the war, on the side of the Axis. Falangist agitators continue to demand the return of Gibraltar, and the official organ *Arriba*, in Madrid, demands almost daily that "Vichy prove the sincerity of its professed friendship for us"—presumably by making an outright gift to Franco of French Morocco, and of the southern French departments flanking the Pyrennees.

But the mass of the Spanish people

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are nearly starving, and their only hope of salvation lies in aid from Britain. If it may be said that Spain is exacting from Britain a price to remain out of the war (and refuse Germany permission to transport soldiers overland for an attack on Gibraltar), so may it be said that London is demanding a price for keeping alive some substantial part of the Spanish masses. Britain has now granted navicerts for the shipment of more than one million tons of wheat to Spain, and has "unfrozen" Spanish credits in Britain. Moreover, the British Government will permit the passage to Spain of American foodstuffs, assuming that Madrid can obtain credits in the United States or, as is likely, obtain supplies via the American Red Cross.

Britain is also willing to send manganese ore, which Spain needs urgently, meat, milk and other goods to Spain, and she has contracted for the year's crop of Spanish oranges—but for a price. That price is that Spain does nothing to facilitate the Axis attacks. It appears, short of an overwhelming and sudden Germany victory, that Spain will pay, since the Madrid Government is doubtless aware that it can expect nothing at this time, in the way of food, from the Nazis. It is always possible, on the other hand, that Germany will force the issue and demand use of Spain's Atlantic ports, as well as a back entrance to Gibraltar.

British Outlook

SOURCES over here that are prone to describe themselves as "competent," or "authoritative," or even "semi-official," in mid-December warned against taking too sanguine a view of Britain's position, following the Italian rout in North Africa and the consistent western advances of the Greco-British forces in Albania. Even the layman, of course, can understand that these spectacular successes cut no ice, militarily speaking, in the situation still confronting England. The columns of panicky Italians, trapped by the British Imperial Army of the Nile, comprising not only British contingents but bodies of Indian native troops, Anzacs, Frenchmen and Poles, will cause no diminution in the Nazi air attacks on Britain, nor make it more difficult for Germany to continue and increase her submarine assaults on British and neutral shipping. Also, the great Allied victory on all sides of Sidi Barrani has made no irreparable dent in Mussolini's air force, and even with the losses of Marshal Graziani in men—estimated as high as 75,000—the Italian forces now in Libya may still exceed those of the British command by a substantial margin.

Nevertheless, it seems to us that what these "competent" sources overlook, or minimize, is the enormous psychological value to the Allies in having achieved the initiative, at least momentarily. The effect of that, while intangible, must be profound on the morale of the "British Imperial Army of the Nile," and upon the Greco-Anglo forces in Greece and Albania. We can only speculate upon the effect of these victories upon the people within metropolitan France, and upon the forces of General Charles de Gaulle in colonial France. Not to mention, finally, the attitude toward Vichy of Gen-

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eral Maxime Weygand; he has said, in an interview given the North American Newspaper Alliance (see page 429), that he is wholeheartedly behind Marshal Pétain, but it is perhaps highly significant that General Weygand seemed, in his remarks, to have taken elaborate pains to avoid saying that he saw eye to eye with the Vichy régime. There is a good deal of difference between one soldier saying he supports a superior officer, and saying he supports the cabinet which the latter heads.

Aside from the British-Greek successes, the most encouraging element in the situation last month was the ouster of Vice Premier Pierre Laval, a move which these columns have many times predicted, if prematurely. What has happened, apparently, is that Laval, who in mid-month was under arrest at the Chateau de Pellevoisin, was no longer *persona grata* with the Nazis, once his friend Mussolini disclosed his Achilles heel both in Albania and Egypt. The Duce's stock is no longer high in Berlin, obviously. Accordingly, the disgrace of Mussolini in Berlin is shared by Laval, whom the Nazis never regarded as more than a tool. More to the Nazis' taste now, as foreign minister, is ex-Premier Pierre-Étienne Flandin, a pro-Nazi, whose enemies have never permitted him to forget that, on the morrow of Munich, he sent a congratulatory telegram to the Führer.

Farce in Italy

MEANWHILE, the Italian press and radio continue to provide, unwittingly, the only humor in the desperate plight of Europe. Early in December, when the Greeks first showed their poor taste by resisting the valorous Italians, the Roman radio referred with something less than convincing sarcasm to the enemy's use "of the barbaric bayonet." Next came the odd proclamation from Rome, also via the ether waves, that "the British know all is lost," a droll complexion to put upon the capture of a reported 75,000 Italians in North Africa. Then, urging the home populace to take a realistic view of the seriousness of the situation, Virginio Gayda warned his people that difficult months lay ahead. But this was followed by the assertion in another newspaper that, in capturing Sidi Barrani, the British had only seized a "desert hole," although when it was first captured by the Italians, there were triumphant howls in Rome, and assertions by Fascist leaders that the collapse of all of Egypt was a matter of days, if not hours. "But," said the Rome radio (December 13), "the British campaign is doomed to complete failure. We know that this is the last card in the British game." Perhaps the crowning irony was the Italian claim, again made through the agency of the radio, that the Italians' occupation of "prepared bases" was all a part of a long-visioned piece of military strategy, and that a day of reckoning with the enemy would soon come. If there is any likelihood of that, why should the Fascists tip their hand in advance?

The fact is, surely, that the series of stunning reverses in Albania, Greece, Egypt and even Libya has created the greatest confusion at home, widened the schism between the army

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and the party, and very possibly between the King and the Duce. Gestapo agents are reported to have swarmed into the country to halt an incipient revolution. There are reported to be at least 50,000 German troops now in Italy. Even the controlled press has recognized the brewing uprising by attacks on that stratum of the people that are defeatist or, at least, anti-war and anti-Nazi—incidentally, a fairly considerable number of Italians.

Meanwhile, as the Duce's organ, *Il Popolo d'Italia*, bellows across six columns that "Fascist Wings Dominate the Greecian Skies," and deals across four columns with the "Increasing Fury of Italian Blows on London," the Rome Government issues a ban forbidding the wearing of mourning bands. This practice, in the Fascist view, is unpatriotic and barbaric, in the same sense, we suppose, as the unconscionable use of bayonets by the monstrous Greeks.

Candor in the Reich

GERMAN newspapers, like those today in Italy, are so full of bombast and abortive claims to victory that the neutral reader occasionally nods in perusal of them. The *Völkischer Beobachter*, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the *Schwarze Korps*, etc., become more efficient as soporifics with each new bundle of Nazi papers to arrive on this side. But we were awakened from our coma, the other afternoon, by a little piece, surely an editorial mishap, that appeared in a recent issue of the *Kölnische Zeitung*. This quoted one General Kabisch, of the German Air Force, as saying that Nazi bombers and fighters could not by themselves bring about the defeat of Britain. In this astonishing example of frankness, certainly a flat contradiction to the oft-expressed views of Air Marshal Göring, was also the admission that the Polish victory was not achieved primarily by aircraft but by the Reichswehr, and that it is a fact "the only way to win the war against Britain is to get an army over there. . . . The air force alone cannot defeat the English."

Most military authorities we have read and heard recently have expressed the belief that the Nazis, since they failed to invade Britain several months ago when conditions were ideal, were proposing to reduce the enemy by destroying one key city after another, and by the destruction wrought by U-boats. General Kabisch's remarks, however, suggest that invasion is likely in the extreme, if his opinion reflects that of the Nazi command. One may expect, then, to see invasion attempted, perhaps in the new year, once the Germans believe they have sufficiently weakened the enemy's industrial installation.

Add Signs of Invasion

SINCE the start of hostilities sixteen months ago, the German newspapers have published a large number of advertisements for workers with special techniques. In recent weeks, however, the leading papers in the Reich appear to contain nothing else. A recent issue at hand of the *Völkischer Beobachter* contains seven pages of advertisements, most of them inserted by aircraft manufacturers, call-

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ing for engineers of all classes, industrial designers, machine-tool experts, radio experts and petroleum technicians.

More Destroyers

UNTIL such time as Hitler attempts his invasion, one of the gravest problems confronting Britain is that of her increasingly heavy shipping losses. Devastating as has been the bombardment of London, Birmingham, Bristol, Southampton, Coventry and other cities, the losses in cargo-ships and other carriers are regarded more seriously by the British. Based on the figures of the Admiralty, losses to the British merchant marine since the start of the war totalled (December 1) approximately 4,000,000 tons, or almost 1,000 ships of all classes, most of them of British register.

The risks to which Britain is exposed at sea are not so spectacular nor so immediately apparent as the air raids but, as Mr. Churchill explained to Parliament, "the dangers in the air are sudden . . . but dangers to our seaborne traffic mature much more slowly [and] are none the less formidable, and if in any way neglected they would touch the life of the State. We must expect that next year still heavier U-boat attacks will be made upon us."

The foregoing figures, according to Professor Sidney B. Fay of Harvard University, represent only about one-half the average of 1917, but he also points out that twenty-three years ago Britain had the aid, at sea, of the United States, Italy and France. Today, she is forced to scatter all arms of her fleet not only around the British Isles, but to the eastern and western Mediterranean, in the western Atlantic, and Singapore. Also, unlike the situation in 1917, she no longer has naval bases she may use on the Continent.

The British Admiralty has speeded up the nation's own replacement rate, at this time, to 2,000,000 tons a year, which is to say it is about one-half of what it must be if German raiders, U-boats and bombers maintain their present rate of destruction. The probability is, of course, that the Germans will increase it. The British are reported to have ordered at least 100 ships from American shipyards—but ships ordered are not craft carrying supplies to beleaguered Albion. The Government also is purchasing vessels of foreign register, but many of these need refitting.

With her particular genius at shipbuilding, and her maritime ingenuity, it may very well be that Britain can keep pace in home shipyards, and those abroad, with the mounting losses inflicted by the Germans—the increase is illustrated by losses of 56,000 tons in April, as compared to 300,000 tons in October (although in June 1917, losses totalled 687,000 tons). But the crux of the problem now is more destroyers. The hauls of British freighters, in convoys, become longer and more hazardous with each week.

Destroyers cannot be built overnight. This means Britain must ask more destroyers of the United States, or be offered those destroyers, before many days pass.

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Inside Stuff

SIXTEEN months of war in Europe have done nothing to discourage or thwart the inalienable right of the citizen of the United States, together with his guarantee to the pursuit of happiness, or to be an omniscient prophet. Rapidly we are becoming a nation of commentators, ouija-board manipulators, infallible oracles—and Dorothy Thompsons. Our egregious mistakes—our political and military predictions that turn out awry—far from depressing us professional as well as lay clairvoyants, serve only to provoke us to more ludicrous speculation. That maligned gentleman, the Omaha milkman, who with 129,000,000 fellow-citizens was loud in his conviction that after October 1 British fogs and the North Sea weather would make Nazi bombing of England impossible, has not been jarred in any way by the discomfiting fact that Britain has suffered more raids since bad weather set in, than during the preceding thirteen months. And just because in November he announced, with suitable gestures, that the Greeks must collapse in ten days—well, eleven, then—doesn't mean that, come Tuesday week, he won't predict with billowing assurance that the Germans will invade England on February 14, beginning about 3:20 A.M.—not later, anyway, than 3:23 A.M.

Predicting the next moves of the Nazis, and the counter-moves of the British, has become a sort of grim sport with us Americans, well out of range of the bombs. There seem to be two reasons for this epidemic of the oracular among us: one is, of course, our transcendant credulity, which, for example, leads us to believe that what the elevator man and the cab driver say is immeasurably more pontifical than what logic, or elementary horse sense, may dictate. The other reason, we feel, lies in the infectious output of newspaper and radio commentators, who each twenty-four hours are freshly serviced with "inside" information from that well-known news vacuum, the "authoritative source" and the "semi-official quarters." Since every reasonably intelligent person knows that most of these news sources are non-existent, and indeed constitute only a tired joke between the public and the commentators, the individual apparently has decided he might as well have some of these, "inside sources" himself: they cost nothing, and only fool the more credulous of his fellows. For our part, we predict, on the basis of sources absolutely inside all other inside sources, that Congress, day after tomorrow at high noon, will enact legislation furnishing the citizenry, gratis, with patent earplugs and blinders for compulsory use against all prophets, over the air or in type.

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: "The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the conditions and changes of foreign countries.*"

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And it's also an international clearing house for secret data

Lisbon—Escape Hatch of Europe

By Eric Sevareid

EVENING was darkening into misty night as I looked down from the London-Portugal flying boat and saw the scrambled necklace of twinkling lights about Lisbon's superb harbor. I was homeward bound to America, and I caught my breath at this sight of the lamps of peace after fourteen months in war and darkness.

The British Airways steward with the brisk mustache nudged me and pointed. "Friend there—enemy there."

A small cluster of lights hung in the sky to starboard—the Atlantic Clipper from New York, poised above the last free port in Europe. To the right of the Clipper, above the stark line of inland hills, moved the dark blob of a land plane seeking earth.

"Converted Nazi bomber," the steward explained. "Junkers 90, carrying passengers from Berlin. Just started an airline to Lisbon two days ago."

"I suppose the passengers are solid young Aryan 'tourists,' " I suggested. The steward grinned. "Forty of them first trip," he said.

We were landed at the same dock the clippers use, in a beautiful white launch, manned by white-uniformed Pan-American helpers. Their dark, Portuguese faces crinkled with smiles as they handed us ashore, polite and proud of their new American-trained efficiency.

There clung about Lisbon the fragrance of Paris before the war. The long, hot working day was done, and the men (the women stay at home after dark) sauntered from their white plaster houses down the cobbles of the perpendicular streets into the wide *avenida*. There café tables spilled onto the broad sidewalks beneath red neon signs.

The dream-like impression was enhanced as we rode through the grounds of the new exposition which celebrates Portugal's 800 years of independence. I saw the New York and Paris exposi-

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tions; they had no grouping of buildings so exquisite as this. Sunken lights welled up from the lagoon depths and glowed on the face of Baroque and Moorish arches and turrets, giving the place almost the quality of the Taj Mahal by moonlight. One thought to himself: the glory of the Portuguese empire has faded, but a gleam of light still burns in the hearts of her young artists.

I dropped my bags in the lobby of the Palace Hotel at Estoril, the palm-fringed resort oasis in the middle of parched countryside, fifteen miles down the beach from Lisbon. I hadn't finished my nightcap at the crowded bar before I knew that luck had tossed me into the espionage center of World War II.

What Zurich was in 1915, Estoril is today. Low-toned conversations go endlessly on in the roaring bar and the long, dim lobbies of this luxury hotel. Germans, Italians, Britons and Spaniards sit in great overstuffed chairs while they endlessly gather reports of their spies, watch each other and spin webs that affect the lives of civilians in London and Berlin, sailors at sea, pilots in the air, and rulers of the small nations not yet under the heel. Among them, probably, the fate of Portugal will be decided. The mild, honest Portuguese have little to say about it.

Portugal is dry and poor. She has 7,000,000 people, yet she is only the size of Maine, and a third of her land is uncultivated. Her leading exports are wine, sardines and cork. Continental powers look with envy upon her abundant and undeveloped coal, copper, tin and tungsten deposits. The lack of electrical power and proper transport have left these riches in the brown earth.

IF HER dictator, Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, can steer Portugal away from war, he can go on with his ambitious effort to wipe out illiteracy, which blights half the population. He can build more of his excellent clinics to decrease still further the smallpox which has pitted the swarthy faces of the inhabitants. He can clean the leprous slums and perhaps even better the national diet.

He knows it is not his army (one division of troops without artillery) nor his navy (the six destroyers float at anchor beside the exposition grounds) which keep Portugal free today.

She owes her freedom to many things: to her position on the map, at the crossways of the Atlantic and Mediterranean trade routes; to the fact that Lisbon is the last direct point of contact with the United States for all belligerents. Perhaps above all else, she owes it to the fact that she is the great international clearing house for secret information—the only common meeting place for the warring powers. The spies of both sides find a free Portugal useful. And so, by a kind of mutual, unexpressed consent of the belligerents, she remains the last free corner of Western Europe.

But this can change overnight.

On my flight from England, I wondered why a German plane did not intercept our fat seaplane, as it

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chugged slowly above the leaden waters. Even a machine gun on a submarine deck could have potted us. The answer—espionage. This plane service is the only way Nazi-Fascist agents can get in or out of England.

I thought of my fellow passengers—the Swiss diplomat, the Hungarian journalist, the Brazilian banker, the Belgian refugees. Was one of them in German pay? The polite officer at the British seaplane base had not searched one among us.

At five each evening, the Axis planes dip in from Berlin and Rome. They land back of the hillcrest, at the town of Cintra, whose loveliness Byron once described. The Axis knows perfectly well the British use this service, too. I myself saw two white-faced British officers arrive, after escape from a German camp. First a Fascist, then a Nazi pilot had flown them to Lisbon!

Lisbon's wealthy bathe in British tubs and her poor ride in British-made trolley cars. Portugal has been tied to England's money and wine markets since 1703. Even before the war and blockade, Great Britain controlled

—*Daily Mirror*, London

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more than a quarter of all Portuguese imports and exports. Now she controls virtually all.

But this is a dictatorship, kindly enough, yet strict. So it does not count that the people are pro-British. Salazar, with an eye on the new Napoleon's war machine which could so easily roll over him, leans Axisward.

The Axis is busy and looks efficient. The Lisbon newsstands are covered with Nazi photo magazines, like *Signal*, and Fascist, like *Tempo*, filled with vivid pictures of Axis might. They are printed in Portuguese, Spanish and French. Feeble competitors are the *Illustrated London News* and *Picture Post*, in English only.

Germany has only a legation in Lisbon, while Britain has an embassy. But 120 Nazi specialists labor day and night in the former, compared with 100 polite civil servants in the latter.

The German Minister is the cultured Baron Honneger (the first pre-Nazi diplomat reappointed by Hitler), who can match Dictator Salazar's own professional intellect. They get on well. England's ruddy Ambassador, Sir Walter Selby, walks four miles before breakfast, but athletics bore the dictator.

TODAY there are voices in Madrid which say that Franco's declining prestige would skyrocket if he would take over Portugal, an easy task. But Franco knows that Hitler cannot feed starving Spain. Britain can and does. England is subsidizing shipments of Portuguese food across the border in the faith that Spain will not bite the hand that feeds it.

One reason, certainly, why the Axis hesitates to take over defenseless Portugal is that the Portuguese empire in Africa, Asia and the Atlantic is a richer prize than the country itself. And the empire, of course, would immediately fall into the hands of the British Navy.

There is no real British fifth column in Portugal—"that wouldn't be cricket." I found evidences of the same British ineptness I had seen in Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg before the blitzkreig. I said to the elderly military attaché, who'd been in Lisbon for years, "Has Portugal any cruisers?"

"By jove," he replied, "I really couldn't say. Maybe the naval attaché could tell you."

I said, "Lisbon is full of rumors Franco is going to move on this country. Does anyone know if the Italians ever removed their planes and artillery after the civil war in Spain?"

"Most interesting point, that. I'll make a note of it."

In fairness, it must be admitted that the British are not always as dumb as they seem. Their apparent lethargy has fooled opponents before. I do know their Lisbon branch of the Economic Warfare Ministry, which operates in utmost secrecy, keeps amazingly accurate account of all provisions flowing to Britain's enemies.

But look at the methods of the Nazis! When our seaplane landed, they rushed to buy up every London paper they could lay hands on. They pored over the bombing stories, care-

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fully fitted together the jigsaw puzzle of London's scarred face for the guidance of Göring.

Two neutral diplomats flew with me to Lisbon. Within twenty-four hours they were luncheon guests of German officials, who were curious about the strength of appeasement mentality in London. Nazi Military, Naval and Air Intelligence services are very much on the job. The Gestapo spots potential enemies in case "Der Tag" arrives in Lisbon. The fifth column proper is "softening up" the wealthy, influential class.

Nazi "civil" pilots have memorized every potential landing field in Portugal, and will become military pilots by a simple change of uniform. "Employees of Hamburg shipping firms" check up every Allied cargo that comes and goes. They report daily positions of blockading British warships.

German agents accost Dutch and Norwegian seamen in waterfront bars, as they come from their British cargo boats. The Nazis buy them beer (canned American beer!), try to persuade them to jump ship. They tell them about their families, and promise safe conduct and a free trip back home. When he's ready to sail again, the ship's captain will find he has a short crew, and must delay until he hires more men.

Gradually, the "International Police," Portugal's secret force, yields to Nazi control. Many of its men were trained by Himmler in Berlin. They made friends there, and these friends come to see them, for Nazi reasons. Several keen observers told me Salazar himself does not know all that is happening among his police.

THE DAY Gestapo Chief Himmler arrived in Madrid to reorganize Franco's internal spy system, a new guest registered at the Palace Hotel at Estoril. He was Biefurn, sinister assistant to Himmler. Wise old Joseph Bech, Luxembourg's leading statesman, pointed him out to me. He'd seen Biefurn on the streets of Luxembourg the week before Hitler's army overran the defenseless Grand Duchy.

When I first spotted Biefurn, he was talking in a lobby corner with a dark, heavy, dynamic German whom America should know about. His name is Friedrich Sieburg and he is the man who perfected modern fifth-column tactics. America may expect him when his work in Europe is done; that is, when his subtle attentions have demoralized the rulers of each remaining free state in Europe.

Sieburg, a man of great personal charm, works directly under Ribbentrop. In Belgium, he convinced the wealthy that Hitler would never touch their land. In Paris, he laid the groundwork among the "200 families" for the notorious Otto Abetz who followed. He wrote a book to flatter the French, called: *Dieu, est-il Français?*

He has now written an equally flattering book about Portugal's once glorious empire and present culture. He speaks German, French, English and Spanish rapidly and beautifully. Hardly an influential Portuguese has escaped his suave attentions.

He made one break. Lisbon editors

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attended a German-organized banquet in his honor. When he proposed a glowing toast to the Führer, one tough old journalist abruptly sat down. Sieburg turned scarlet, and burst out in German, "You are too small to be defiant!" He meant Portugal itself, and the angry retort was revealing. Next day he sent profuse apologies. So far, Lisbon's press is carefully neutral in presenting news from the belligerent capitals.

As Biefurn and Sieburg discussed their plans in the Palace Hotel lobby, these men strolled a few feet away: Bech, once Premier of Luxembourg; Pierlot, last Premier of Belgium; Camille Chautemps, once Premier of France; aged Paderewski, first President of Poland. Each man had seen his nation undermined by Sieburg's fifth column, seized by the Nazi army, ruled by Biefurn's Gestapo.

That very day a man had come in to reserve a suite for their latest victim — deposed King Carol of Rumania, then stuck in Spain.

Fascinated, I watched from my corner. Sieburg coolly glanced up as each man passed. The refugee statesmen did not turn their heads, nor speak to one another. String music sounded in the softly lighted dining room. Apparently no one else noticed the scene.

I ached to introduce Biefurn to the burly, sprawling Russian asleep in the opposite chair. They would have had so much in common. The Russian was Dr. Lazovert, who helped kill Rasputin, and drove his body to the river.

To Norway, before she took that nation, Germany sent Norwegian-speaking youths. In the Lisbon-Estoril train, two husky young Aryans were speaking perfect Portuguese. It happened that they occupied the hotel room next to mine. The walls are thin. In their room they spoke only German. They, I learned later, were born in Brazil.

Britain gathers little of the military "dope" which daily arrivals bring, but the United States gets even less. Bright young men in our Legation spend every exhausting hour amid a throng of refugees, checking their visas. On the eve of his clipper flight. I walked on the beach with Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy, from London. I described what I'd learned in Lisbon about Germany, the Balkans and Russia. He grew excited, and said, "Why aren't we getting this? We need men here with no other duties. Men with newspaper training."

ONE morning at nine, an airplane roared alarmingly low over the Palace Hotel. It was the Stuttgart-bound Junkers with passengers. I asked a waiter why the pilot should leave his course to circle our hotel. "We think it's to get us used to the swastika," he said. "The first time he did it, the visa line at your consulate grew much longer."

Twenty thousand German, French and Belgian refugees still wait in Portugal for their precious American visas. The Portuguese, to their everlasting credit, treat them kindly. Destitute mothers arrive with their children in the border towns, and Portuguese families often meet them at the trains and take them into their homes.

But today the refugees are ner-

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vous and depressed. They watch with longing as the American export boat slips from harbor, and the clipper wings toward the west. They are trapped in Europe's last free corner. There is no "green frontier," as they call any border they can sneak across. Only the ocean. There is but one key to unlock this massive door of escape —the American visa.

Neuroses weigh upon them. They talk of nothing but immigration, quota numbers, our young vice-consuls—all-powerful gods to them. They trade troubles, and are sick of each other. Men who shared concentration camp bunks in France avoid one another in Lisbon's jangling streets. The poor refugees dream of Paris' Left Bank. They droop over sidewalk café tables, munching cold Portuguese beans with their beer in place of Algerian peanuts. Daily the same routine: the general delivery window to ask for a letter; the American consulate; the newsstand to speculate on Hitler's next move; then back to the corner café, and a listless bed.

Some have given up, drifted back into the barren hill towns and "gone native." Among them are Viennese editors, Berlin doctors. Others read of our draft law, and get a bright idea. They have fled war consistently so far; now they offer to "volunteer in the American Army." This is a humorless joke to the harassed consuls.

They cling to class distinctions. Rich refugees from Biarritz scurry with little black bags from bank to bank, buying and selling money. Lisbon is the last free money market in the Old World. At night they crowd the roulette tables at the Estoril casino. Unknowingly, they rub elbows with Gestapo men, who watch them keenly. They spot an American consul, and edge over his way to strike up conversation. They have bribed their way across many borders, and cannot believe that money doesn't talk with American officials, too.

One night in a corner of the gaming room, I recognized first an ill-fitting pair of trousers, then the young German Socialist to whom I had given them before he escaped from an Alpine concentration camp with Lion Feuchtwanger, the famous author. He took my hand in both of his, and tears came into his eyes.

He had been a mild little man, a teacher and writer in his Fatherland, when Hitler came to power. He was hard now, and quite without fear.

WE LEFT the smoky room, and sat on the rocks where the surf pounded in.

He, too, awaited his visa. He was on Thomas Mann's list of 120 refugee writers considered worth special effort to save. He was tranquil. He never read the papers any more. If the Nazis came—all right. They would never get him, he said.

I felt I must tell him whom I had seen in the Palace Hotel.

He turned, and in the darkness I could see the flashing whites of his eyes.

"Sieburg here?" he said. "I think that means the kiss of death. Tomorrow I will make some acquaintances among the Portuguese fishermen who have boats in the harbor."

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One of Britain's greatest poets says those who run from conflict 'put the clock back'

Escapists Live on Borrowed Time

By STEPHEN SPENDER

New Statesman and Nation, London Independent Weekly

YOU BEGIN: "I hope that you won't throw this note away either in disgust or anger when you see this address—" the address is in California. You end up, "This is where you also should be."

I certainly did not throw your letter away. I am glad of the chance to dissociate myself from those writers who have accused their English colleagues in America of running away. I know as well as you must do that there is no possibility of running away from a fate which affects the whole world. Some people, members of the R.A.F., the A.R.P., and the fighting forces, are in immediate danger. If to be a month a more behind them in the race toward doom is running away, then the rest of us are all more or less cowards. It is only a matter of degree. I, living in the country, and with a reserved occupation, am in much the same position as yourself.

No, it is not just the question of running away which concerns me. It is hardly a question of *where* you are at all, but *when*. Europeans who think of America do not think of her so much across the Atlantic, as, say, "before" or "after" Munich, "before" or 'after" the Presidential election. Many of us have hopped about in time and place during the past few years: for every place has its time marked on it, like one of those maps which the German Propaganda Bureaus issue with every country marked with the date of its downfall (*Austria* 1936, *England* 1941, etc.) In Madrid, for example, in 1937, we were anticipating London in 1940. In London in 1938, we were perhaps more or less in New York or Washington 1940.

Between 1933 and 1940, people went backward and forward toward and away from *the thing which is happening*, as they might step before a great picture seeing it now near and now far, occasionally going into an ad-

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joining room to avoid it for moments altogether. However, the masterpiece in which we live didn't remain a picture, it became a conflagration, and now the flames are licking up between the cracks of the pavements in London.

But your letter makes me wonder about you, what some of us—particularly the poets—were wondering about England before the war: whether you really are beginning to think that there are places in the world outside this time, and not merely days and months, a few islands, to which the conflagration has not yet extended. That is really the only question worth asking about Auden, Isherwood, Heard, Aldous Huxley, MacNeice, etc.: not whether they have run away on this particular occasion, but whether they think that there is a chance of escaping from this history altogether?

One passage in your letter particularly makes me ask this: you say, "Here it would be possible for you to write." Perhaps I should not draw too hasty conclusions. In a sense, of course, you are justified in thinking that it is probably impossible now to do creative work in England.

"*La politique au milieu des interêts d'imagination, c'est comme un coup de pistolet au milieu d'un concert. Le bruit est déchirant sans être énergique. Il ne s'accorde avec le son d'aucun instrument.*"

Since the days Stendhal wrote these words, the pistols have become much louder, the concerts more disconnected. It is certainly difficult to write lyrics in London now; when something so much louder and more destructive and seemingly more important than anything that can go on in one's own head is filling the sky with hammer blows. Yet there is no rule of human nature that makes art impossible under whatever conditions.

Still, perhaps you can write in California, and perhaps I would be able to, though I doubt it. Anyhow, if some English writers have leisure to create, and ink, and publishers to give them advances, that is a great deal. They are an expeditionary force carrying on an extremely important part of the struggle, if the struggle really represents the values to which it pretends. Yet when another friend of ours writes to me that European civilization is "done for," and that we must get away and start something somewhere else, I must say I begin to wonder how much of value can be created, even in America, if the conditions in which we are living are so completely misunderstood.

THE ANSWER to this friend is obvious. Writers are the interpreters of life around them. Their genius lies in the life, not in themselves, who are only interpreters of life. They are not self-sufficient gramophones, which can be hurried off when things get hot in one place, and set up to start playing their records somewhere else. Machines can be hidden and escape destiny, but consciousness cannot, in the modern world at all events, because it interacts everywhere. That is why no schemes for the emigration of culture have worked for many years now.

Of course, it might happen that if all the artists went away in the middle of a tragedy which was affecting their time, the tragedy would find no voice.

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PALO ALTO PUBLIC LIBRARY READING ROOM

This would be a pity, I think. Also, it is impossible, I hope. The people who are most conscious of the significance of events can view them from a certain distance, or they can destroy themselves by refusing to recognize them at all; but they cannot escape into an entirely new and less disturbing series of events, not even in Hollywood.

This brings me to another point. Are you doing yoga exercises? Do you eat flowers? Are you developing a "philosophy of life"? You well may be, from all I hear.

Personally, I feel that yoga exercises, if they involve sitting fairly still for some time every day, and meditating, must be a good thing. There are too few silences in modern life. Everyone ought probably to keep quiet for at least an hour every day, and perhaps everyone should also have some kind of confessional. Yet it is curious, surely, that a realization of the need for a simple device of this kind becomes for some people the answer to all problems of the universe. An acquaintance of mine who bought an electric razor at the time of the fall of Boulogne could talk of nothing but new shaving.

In the months and weeks preceding the reputedly overwhelming primeval Flood, there must have been many poets with an intuition of what was coming, many prophets capable of making a radical, virulent analysis of what had gone wrong with the social system, many mystics who consoled themselves with a detachment based on premature despair. Yet the essential problem was to build an Ark, and those who ignored this were first drowned and then reduced to a pulp, together with all their ideas.

The Weimar Republic, the Czech Republic, the French Republic, all had their artists and prophets who achieved true prodigies of sensibility to the situation, their advanced educationists who humanized the youth of some countries while it was being brutalized in others, their mystics and psychoanalysts who were creating the mythology of a humaner civilization, their architects who built the swimming baths of the Post-War Germany, and the famous Bau-Haus. They also had their visionaries and advanced sun-bathers, nudists, etc. The achievement of these people was real, and if it had come *after* instead of *before* the Flood, its contribution to a happier world might be immense. Now all these movements are slightly discredited, because it is so obvious that people who are going to build a new order, cannot afford to ignore the fate that is overtaking the old one. It is no use just shifting the scene of your refusal to realize what you are up against from one area within the range of the bombs to another, a few years "behind the times." If this is what you and all the refugees in America are doing, it seems a pity.

A potential victim of the present chaos is a country incapable of organizing itself against it until too late, either on account of a fifth column, divided interests in the ruling class, political corruption, or some trap within the constitution which makes it impossible for the system of government to protect itself adequately. The fact that the moves of the Axis Powers during the present weeks were timed to coin-

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cide with the Presidential election in America shows the part that American impotence plays in a disintegrating world.

SO THE first thing to realize is that you can't escape. If you try to do so, you are simply putting the clock back for yourself: using your freedom of movement to enable yourself to live still in pre-Munich England. But if you can preserve the sense of the "time in London," then you are in a privileged position. You will know more about this than most Americans do, for example. You will be able to help us by insisting in public and in private on your awareness.

Fifty Years of Tubes

It is just half a century since the opening of the first London "tube," not only the first in London, but the first in the world, and those early days of the Underground were recalled by F. L. Stevens in *Home Service*: "I expect lots of Londoners remember that first tube line between King William Street and Stockwell. You could go anywhere for twopence. The chief thing about the carriages was upholstery; it covered the seats and most of the walls like padded high-backed pews. And the chief thing about the stations was the domes. The Oval, the Elephant and Castle, and Stockwell—each station carried its dome, designed as disguises to cover the top gear of the hydraulic lifts.

"Mind you, that line, only about three miles long, wasn't the first underground railway; it was the first *tube* railway. But London built the first *underground* Railway too—the Metropolitan—that wasn't built by the burrowing process, but by digging a huge trench and putting a lid on afterwards. 'Cut and cover' they called it. . . .

"Since the opening, fifty years ago, there has been a constant, never-ending burrowing under London. Six separate underground railways are now linked and managed by London's Transport Board. It owns the Underground and all the buses, trams, trolley-buses, and express coaches serving nearly ten million people. That pioneer three miles of tube railway is now part of an underground system carrying passengers on more than 200 miles of route; one of the railway lines under London is twenty-five miles—one of the longest tunnels, if not *the* longest in the world."

—*The Listener*, London

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Economically and culturally, our bonds with the Dominion must grow stronger

It's Time We Met the Canadians

By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

THE words "hemisphere defense" have become very familiar this year. Canada, as everyone knows, is vitally important to this defense. And yet when we think of improving our social relations with those countries which are part of this hemisphere and with which we have been nationally rather unacquainted, our thoughts turn to Central and South America and to what we can do about knowing them better. How about Canada too? She's even closer!

It's impossible for us to be neutral about Canada, because of that unfortified border. It is equally impossible for her to be neutral about us. Canada, as has been said, is defended by two oceans—and the Monroe Doctrine.

The joint defense agreement between the United States and Canada, entered into in conversations between President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Mackenzie King, was approved by two-thirds of the commenting press as official recognition of an understanding existing between the two governments. It was a recognition of our political and geographical closeness and that an attack on one country constitutes an imminent danger to the other.

But it is a closeness which, as people, we do not always seem to feel. It is a very odd thing, that these two countries which speak the same language, which are separated by no military boundary, should not feel socially closer than they do. Our relations with Canada often make me think of the relations that most of us have with some people who live in the next block, whom we always mean to go to see and yet don't. It is undeniably true that many Americans feel closer to the English in England than to the English in Canada.

There are 11,000,000 people in Canada, and their sovereign is King George VI, who visited them, as you remember, a year ago last June, and took time to pay a call on us in this country. But though Canada has a

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king, its government resembles ours far more than it does the government of England.

Canada is a federation of provincial governments which are similar, on the whole, to the State governments of the United States, with Ottawa corresponding to Washington, D. C., as the legislative, judicial and executive seat of the country. There are two houses in their Parliament. The members of the upper house, called the Senate, are nominated by summons of the Governor General—who himself represents the King—for life. But the members of the Canadian House of Representatives are elected directly by the people for maximum terms of five years. (The Prime Minister can dissolve it and call a general election at any time.)

The Liberal and Conservative parties in the Canadian Government do not differ greatly in political programs or in fundamental policies. But within each party there are radicals and conservatives. The major difference between the parties of Europe—notably England—and those of Canada grows out of the federal character of the Canadian Constitution. The national organization depends basically on provincial elections—much as is true in this country. Also, as is true in this country, labels do not always describe the parties. The Liberal Party has governed conservatively since 1935, and the Conservative leaders have advocated measures similar to the American New Deal.

In addition to these two major parties, there is a Co-operative Commonwealth Federation of Labor, Farmer and Socialist parties, something of the same sort as the Farmer-Labor party in Minnesota. There is, too, a Social Credit party which believes that all ills, local and national, can be solved by social credit. And there is a New Democracy Party, more indefinite in platform but out for a "change." Which also sounds familiar! This last party has no parliamentary representation.

EVEN in that outline of government, Canada looks as if the same social problems disturbed her as disturb us. And they do. She, like the United States, is testing and trying out new methods of improving the domestic economy of an enormous country, which is as large geographically as we are, although we often forget that.

The area of the continental United States is 3,026,789 square miles, the area of Canada 3, 694,863 square miles. But, you will say, she is not as rich as the United States. Canada is not as developed. She has only 8 per cent of our population. That is true. It is also true that she hasn't made some of our mistakes and she is probably not as soft and not as undisciplined as we are in many respects.

It is not only our governments that are similar in a push toward the most modern kind of democracy, but, like ourselves in the United States, Canada is very responsive to modern devices and improvements. Canadians rely on the telephone—far more than any European country, including England. They had, in 1938, eleven and nine-tenths telephones to every hundred persons, which is a high ratio, and exceeded only by the United States,

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which leads the world in telephone installation and use. In the matter of automobiles, they have one car to eight people—again a high percentage. We have one car to four and three-tenths people—China has one car to every nine thousand.

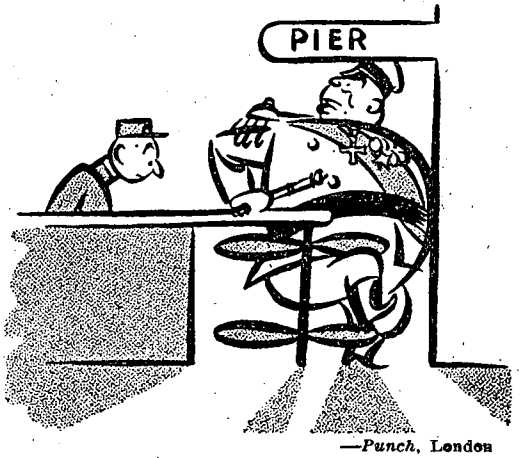
In many other ways we are a good deal alike. And yet the social separation remains very definite. Why? Why don't many Canadians just across the border come over for concerts or to shop or for week-ends? Few of them do. Why don't Canadian boys come over to this country in larger numbers to go to school and college? We have hundreds of universities and they have, I believe, twenty-one, including religious colleges.

Is it because they are afraid of us? Not in the least. Is it because they are shy or feel at a disadvantage? No—as a matter of fact, they feel that they do things rather better than we do in many ways. They prefer their way of life. Ours seems to them, in many places, frivolous and wasteful.

Who are these people? Why of course they're English colonists, people say. But they aren't. They are a unit of the Dominion, it is true. But there is a large French population around Quebec. Canada is one-third French and has two official languages. And, what is less understood in the United States, the immigration to Canada in recent years has been neither French nor English predominantly. The immigration to Canada in 1938 was 3,337 from Great Britain, but from other countries 8,092. This was a small immigration. In the days between 1920 and 1930, when the numbers coming to Canada were far greater, the immigration in each year, except 1925, from other countries exceeded that of the United Kingdom. If you drive through the wheat lands, if you merely cross the border, you will not cross into a country where you see English faces only, or French. You will see Finns, Poles, Slavs, Swedes—and formerly you would have seen some Germans, though these are now interned for the most part.

Why do these people go to Canada? Well, of course, in some instances it's because of the quota, because they can't get in here. But there are other reasons. They go to Canada and stay there because the mode of life is simpler, the habits less extravagant, the emphasis on city life less pronounced and less dominant. The Catholic influence is wider than it is in this country.

Canada met the present war with courage and no hesitation as to where her duty lay. She has undertaken extensive military and industrial mobilization. Within the year she had sent 40,000 men to England—all they wanted—and has 114,000 men



—*Punch*, London

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in the active service at home, in addition to another 100,000 in the Non-Permanent Active Militia.

She has no appetite for war. Like us, she said, she was willing to fight for defense—and her draft went into effect as a defense registration. But she knows how involved she is. The first few months of war made Canada the British Empire's second center. She is to train 15,000 Empire aviators every year in bases which will be free from danger of German bombing during training. Anthony Eden says that Canada's contribution may well decide the war. She is aware of that.

The Dominion has 113 naval vessels on patrol and convoy duty in the North Atlantic; and there are twenty-two aviation schools in operation. She has fortified the Halifax naval base and established garrisons in Newfoundland, Iceland and Bermuda.

This is not all she means to do. This is the beginning of what she will do. Canadian industry had not yet reached capacity production of airplanes in late August, due largely to British delays in placing orders in 1939. The same old mistake.

Exactly what have they done about conscription? Does this sound familiar? Mr. Mackenzie King, the Government's head, pledged that he would never conscript men for service outside Canada. But all men and all women over sixteen years of age were required to register during August 1940. The Government planned to begin compulsory military training of single men over twenty-one about October first, not as exhaustive as our own training, as it was to last only thirty days and involve 30,000 men a month. The women, though registered, have not been called upon yet, except in the war-familiar duties of great thrift, rationing of certain articles, war relief and care of refugees.

Someone wrote me recently from Canada: "The atmosphere is very brisk and war conscious, busy in all departments of life. They are in it to win and nobody wants peace terms. There are hundreds of new potato and truck gardens, one in practically every back yard."

ONE of Canada's responsibilities, too, has been to guard thousands of Nazi civilian prisoners, many sent from Britain to prevent their helping German parachute troops. In addition to these concentration camps—which re-prove that Great Britain is highly civilized—there are also war prisoners in Canada. There are between 1,500 and 1,600 German and Italian prisoners near Red Rock, and the quarters they have are surrounded by miles of highly charged barbed wire. A sergeant of the regiment in charge of the camp, talking informally to a personal friend of my own at Port Arthur, said that these prisoners were well fed and have mattresses and good beef and fresh vegetables.

And so, while we argue over war on this side of the border, across the street, so to speak, it is going on, with all its sacrifices and its responsibilities.

The Canadians, from every comment that comes to me across the border, now seem to be hemisphere-conscious, of the opinion that this is the

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fight of the United States, as well as their fight. But they do not bombard us either with pleas, comments or propaganda. They have never done so and sometimes I wonder if we realize how self-controlled and self-contained Canada has been. But that is the Canadian way.

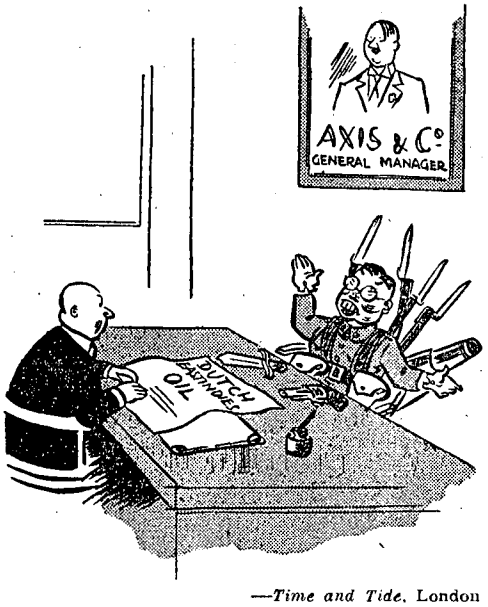
During these ghastly days for the English, I have thought hundreds of times with the greatest personal comfort—England has Canada. There is a refuge for many of her weary and war-shocked people. It is true, as I said before, that she will not have Canada to herself. There are many others from other countries. But one language of the country is English. The loyalty is English. The government is familiar.

Canada has great capacities which are undeveloped, and the development of them would mean much to the British and to us. Two things seem likely to happen to Canada, financially, of which we should be well aware. She will probably have financial greatness thrust upon her. When hostilities cease she will not owe Great Britain a cent. She will have paid off her debt to Britain with her exports. But she must borrow from us, probably, to help finance war expansion and in that way we may end by being closer to Canada financially than Great Britain. All the more reason why we should know her better.

John McCormac, author of a splendid book on Canada written this very year, says that Canadians know so much about Americans that it is difficult for them to realize how little Americans know about Canada. Surely we ought to know her better. I do not want to leave this hanging on vague recommendations. I think we ought to make a point of informing ourselves about Canada, of developing personal social relations.

Specifically, I think that every club in this country which has a discussion program should include a talk on Canada this winter. I think that the Rotary Clubs, the Kiwanis, the commercial, the women's clubs of this country, should invite Canadian speakers. I think we should feature Canada. If we have Canadian friends, we should write them letters. We should ask them here, if they have time to come.

OF COURSE we don't want to be offensive or to push ourselves. That isn't neighborliness. But it's a time when we need good neighbors, and Canada is our best one and our closest one. We take her for granted. But how we'd miss her if she moved away and somebody else moved in!



—*Time and Tide*, London

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Here is a rather droll argument, in view of some recent history

The Fascisti Have Won the War

By GAETANO POLVERELLI
Il Popolo d'Italia, Milan

MARK TWAIN tells in one of his stories about a man who went to a certain hotel high in the Swiss Alps to see the sunrise, but he woke up so late in the afternoon that he saw the sunset instead. Mr. Churchill, who speaks of "approaching the top of the hill," is like that man. To talk about an upward march of the British Empire at the present time is to make a farce out of tragedy.

The Empire is irretrievably lost, and three series of events prove it.

Facing Japanese pressure in Asia, Great Britain has been compelled to give up her position in China. It is calculated that in the Shanghai concession and other Chinese territories, she had invested a capital of more than 25,000,000,000 lire ($1,250,000,000). But now the hour has come to clear out. The shop is being closed. The game of plutocratic exploitation through control of banking and customs barriers is finished. The British Empire must step back before the advancing march of Japan. Hong Kong is unprotected and indefensible. The very fortress of Singapore can save itself for a time only because the Japanese progress southward is being made by stages, and its turn has not yet come.

In America, British naval bases have been leased to the United States. Such so-called leases were formerly imposed by Great Britain on the Ottoman Empire, the Sultanate of Zanzibar and other decadent states, both large and small. Now, she herself must submit to them. The United States has followed the British system and taken mortgages on British possessions under the pretext of protecting them after the Empire's collapse. This opens the world problem of the division of the spoils from the remnants of the British estate.

But what has most impressed the public opinion of the world as a mani-

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fest sign of the inevitable British decline is the loss of Somaliland. Britain has progressively abandoned its positions in Asia and America, in order to concentrate its forces for the defense of its African possessions. But here, too, things have gone badly, one can even say, very badly. Cassala was lost, Moiale has been abandoned, and England was compelled to withdraw from the great salient of Chenia facing Ethiopia. And to this must be added the disastrous flight from Berbera, the Dunkerque of Africa. In London, they can always falsify the figures on losses of their airplanes by attributing to the Royal Air Force the successes which were really achieved by the formidable air armada of Marshal Göring. It is a good game on paper. But a withdrawal is a withdrawal and a flight is a flight. And the whole world is witness to the extremely precipitous flight of the British troops, routed by the Italians, who had many old and new accounts to settle with England and who are settling them so brilliantly.

The loss of Somaliland is a great date in history and, as the *Börsen-Zeitung* [Berlin] pointed out, the collapse of the British Empire began in Berbera.

What are the causes of the decline? It must be attributed in the first place to the British ruling classes, who have always been wrong in their calculations of the future. The Empire could have safeguarded itself for a long time by friendship with Germany, Italy and Japan, the three new forces in the world. But the ministers of His Majesty's Government, by their errors and idiocies, destroyed one friendship after another.

First, Anthony Eden stirred up the Negus against Italy, an enormous and fatal mistake by which a white power, violating every principle of European solidarity, came out in defense of the chief of a slave system against a power of ancient and noble civilization which was a friend and ally of England.

Then it put its stakes on Chiang Kai-shek against Japan, another grave error, the consequences of which now appear in the British retreat from the Far East.

Finally, England threw in her lot with Beneš, Smigly-Rydz and Gamelin, all three of whom have been unseated.

No less fatal is its error in counting on the help of the United States. This also is a betrayal of Europe, for London asks a power beyond the Atlantic to interfere in European affairs, while

—*Weltwoche*, Zurich

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the Monroe Doctrine refuses to Europe all right to interfere in America. England has paid a high price for this betrayal—the abandonment of its American possessions.

NEVERTHELESS, the causes of decline lie not alone in the errors, formidable as they have been, of the English ruling classes. Internal decay is inherent in England itself, in its so-called sovereign people who allow themselves to be deceived, who have gotten used to a comfortable life, who no longer, as in past centuries, have the urge to colonize and who prefer to run rather than to fight.

The causes of the British defeat appear clearly in the reports of war correspondents from Somaliland. The commanders relied on their fortified lines, and it was natural that they should have been bested by our maneuvering, combined with the impetus of our attack. The English in Somaliland did not work, did not build, did not create anything. All they did was provide for their own comfort, decorate their villas and keep their playgrounds in good order.

But one day there arrived columns of hardy, rugged men who despised so-called "comfort" (the materialistic definition of this word by the British reveals many things, for to the Italians "comfort" is a conception which refers to the spirit), and these unshaven men, without riches, without such luxuries as biscuits and marmalade, put to flight the well-shaven British gentlemen. The British have already been beaten by the Italians and Germans, and will be beaten again until the day of the great partition.

The Coat of Arms of Free France

The red Cross of Lorraine, the emblem which was carried by Joan of Arc has been chosen by General de Gaulle as the emblem of his forces, according to a Reuters report from London. The Cross will be put into the French flag which, of course, will be the standard of the "free Frenchmen."

Vice-Admiral Muselier, commander-in-chief of the free French naval and air forces, has ordered all French war vessels under his command, to hoist the "*tricolore*" at the stern and a flag with the Cross of Lorraine at the bow. The free French airplanes are to carry, besides the existing marks of the French air forces, a blue ring the center of which shows the Cross of Lorraine.

The reason why this Cross was selected is that Germany is doing her utmost to Germanize Lorraine.

—*Bataviaasch Nieuwsblad*, Batavia

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A Canadian journalist believes the Axis can easily be defeated

Weygand Seen as France's Savior

By MAURICE QUEDRUE

Le Jour, Montreal Liberal French-Language Daily

NAPOLEON once remarked that "an invading army that stops is a lost army." And with this in mind, we may regard it as undeniable, henceforth, that Hitler's blitzkrieg against England has proved a complete failure.

The blockade that the Germans are attempting to enforce against Britain certainly holds dangers for the British, but these dangers can be nullified if the Government takes precautions. On the other hand, the British blockade of the European Continent is almost invulnerable. Despite their use of submarines and bombers, German and Italian ships have been swept from the oceans. England retains her mastery of the seas.

Like a beast in a cage, Hitler is frightened and he constantly runs from east to west, and then from west to east. His Axis partner, Mussolini, is pitiable. With each passing day, the Duce seems ever more like an iron ball, dragging at the Führer's feet. The misfortunes of the Italian Army in Greece and Albania might seem to augur the beginning of catastrophe for the Axis.

One man has it within his power to bring about that catastrophe. He is General Maxime Weygand.

As someone said recently, Weygand is neither pro-British nor pro-German. He is simply pro-French. It might seem that the key to the Mediterranean problem lies at Vichy, but the solution depends on the relations maintained between Marshal Pétain and General Weygand. The old Marshal does what he can today in political circumstances that were of Pierre Laval's making. Meanwhile, Weygand has left Vichy and is in North Africa. The General is known not to see eye to eye with Vichy. When Weygand refused to cede to the Germans an inch of French North Africa, that threw a monkey-wrench into the plans of Vice Premier

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Laval for "loyal co-operation" with Berlin. The General's stand also enraged the Germans, shocked the Italians, and it probably also embarrassed Marshal Pétain.

One of these days, General Weygand will be compelled to declare himself openly. Let us free Frenchmen hope that he does so soon. Let us hope that Hitler forces him into the open.

If the picture is regarded objectively, there are the following factors that appear in it:

General Weygand has the confidence of all Islam, from Morocco to Turkey, and it may lie in his power whether the Mohammedans declare a Holy War. They might join forces with the unimpaired French armies in North Africa. In addition, Senegal might readily enlist with the former Generalissimo. It is also within the realm of possibility that what remains of the French Navy today feels less hostile to Britain, and that it might submit to the orders of Admiral Abrial, the "hero of Dunkerque," who is now in command of the naval base at Algiers.

—*Japan Times*

Again, the French air force in Africa is hostile to Vichy, and almost certainly would collaborate with the R.A.F. That force, incidentally, can still be supplied by Britain and the United States. Against such a lineup, what could Hitler do, militarily? Nothing.

When the policeman strolls around his beat, the effect on those he encounters is usually one of good behavior. We might say, then, that Spain will soon show exemplary good sense. Spanish Foreign Minister Serrano Suñer, together with his German cronies, will be forced to give up their acquisitive plans with respect to Gibraltar. And Tangiers will return to international control.

TO THE east, Marshal Rodolfo Graziani, who has suffered a catastrophic defeat, may be forced to abandon his plans for invading Egypt and seizing the Suez Canal, and in flight find safety for his own skin. Mussolini's African Empire may soon be little more than a mirage in the desert. And at the summons of General Weygand, who was once in command there of French Near East forces, all of Syria would turn against Vichy.

Marshal Foch, when on his death bed, said with his last breath, "If France is in danger, summon General Weygand."

General Weygand, all of France calls upon you. Will you answer "Present!" to the last orders of your great predecessor?"

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(Editor's Note: Since the foregoing article was written, General Weygand has clarified his stand, with respect to Marshal Pétain and to the Vichy régime, according to an interview obtained in mid-December by Jay Allen for the North American Newspaper Alliance. The general was interviewed at Marrakesh, and he said in part [according to the New York *Times*]:

"I am very displeased at the trend of the British and American propaganda that is being put out about my coming to Africa, and about my command. I don't like to use a disagreeable word like 'propaganda,' but what I object to in this propaganda is the intention behind it to create an impression that there is a lack of harmony between Marshal Pétain's policies and mine.

"I am here to serve my country. That country is Marshal Pétain incarnated. There is not any second France. There is only one. I have been delegated to command all French Africa. My mission is to maintain the unity of French Africa in itself, and the unity of French Africa with the metropolis of France. Africa is one with France, and General Weygand is one with Marshal Pétain.")

Gold in the Year 2,000 A.D.

. . . In the meantime, the United States had already reduced its gold purchase price and had subsequently ceased altogether to buy gold. Thereby the gold was even more devaluated. Then Washington offered gold loans to Europe, but they were coolly rejected. Finally, the United States was ready to donate half its gold as a gift against no other obligation than to establish a European currency on a gold basis to be used as a currency in world trade. But also this gift was rejected. Thereafter, the Americans minted their gold into coins in order, as they said, to recreate the individual interest in gold. But also this attempt failed. No one wanted to carry the heavy gold, but wanted to continue to pay with the more commodious banknotes and checks. The masses were indifferent to gold as a means of payment, they justly estimated the monetary value in accordance to the amount of goods they could buy with their income. Finally, gold was melted and was used for making gold vessels for the tables of United States' Ministers and Ambassadors, for gilding public buildings and street lamps. Wall Street, in memoriam of a bygone epoch, was converted into "Gold Street." That was the end of the stream of gold to the United States.

—*News From Germany*, Starnberg, Bavaria

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The inauguration of Manuel Avila Camacho as President of Mexico means much to U.S.A.

New Outlook Across the Rio Grande

By PAUL BARRY

ON A Sunday morning, off the Constitution Plaza, in Mexico City, an event took place which marked the beginning of a new era in domestic affairs south of the Rio Grande. It also held implications—vague or unnoticed by many—presaging possible effects on Western Hemisphere and world history.

At precisely five minutes after eleven o'clock on the morning of December 1, 1940, General Manuel Avila Camacho took his oath of office as president of the United States of Mexico. The day was bright and clear, and the smoothness of the event forecast clear political weather for some time to come.

But this public event, though important in itself, was merely the outward expression of a long chain of circumstances which future historians will most likely cite as the catalytic agent which precipitated vital movements in this changing world. To understand what happened that day, we must understand what has happened to Mexico. And most citizens of the United States of America are woefully ignorant of the history, traditions, economic status, politics and culture of the United States of Mexico. In fact, most of us, if asked point blank, would not have been able to give accurately the official name of the great republic to the south of us.

The fact is that for the last generation there has been a real revolution going on in Mexico. Not the little military uprisings that most of us think of as Mexican revolutions; those have been merely offshoots of the real revolution. The Mexican revolution has involved a complete overturn of the economic and political basis of the nation as it existed for many decades.

But now it is apparent that the revolution has run its course and that the new president is the social heir of the fruits of the violent change. What he

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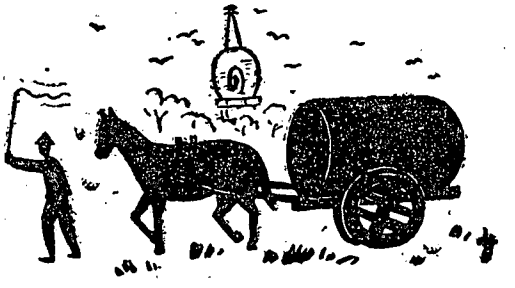
will do with those fruits is an important question for the whole world. It affects the political, economic and social relationships of Mexico with all other nations, but especially with Russia, Germany, Spain and, most important, the United States of America.

A realistic examination of the situation will reveal that Avila Camacho inherits great political and economic powers, and that those powers will be used in a definite direction. It would not be stretching an analogy too far to say that, in the essentials, Avila Camacho strongly resembles our own President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Thus it should be apparent, to even a casual observer, that the more extreme policies of Cárdenas will have no place in the new order.

There are many reasons that tend toward a moderate administration. First, there are the natural inclinations of Avila, then the internal developments in Mexico and finally the international picture. Look at these factors in the reverse order of their enumeration. A very important matter to Mexico is the danger from the Axis war machine. The naval action in the Rio de la Plata estuary, in December of 1939, shocked many Mexican leaders into an awareness of the possible dangers to the Western Hemisphere and to Mexico itself. This awareness led to a closer collaboration with the other American nations in the hemisphere-defense program. Out of that grew a softening of the long-standing official attitude toward foreign nations and foreign capital. So now we hear Avila Camacho saying—shortly before his inauguration:

"You can be sure that the American continent is not disposed toward war. The present war involves a struggle for markets; and we are confronted with only one problem—to prepare ourselves so that we are impregnable to attack. . . . To do this we must elevate ourselves in a field of prime importance—a moral field—the development of confidence. It is necessary to inspire confidence in investors; first in Mexican investors, then in foreign investors."

This certainly does not sound like dangerous thoughts, or war-mongering, or plans for autarchy. But Avila Camacho is a student of political and economic philosophy and he is aware of many dangers to a small nation in



the midst of world upheaval. He shows his astuteness in this observation:

"When we succeed in stimulating the Mexican investor and encouraging him, I am sure that foreign investors will come to us; but they will be a new type of investor—not the type that comes in the guise of a conqueror, takes away all our liberties, and leaves the country poorer than they found it."

Mexico has a realist in the driver's seat. And, what is of tremendous importance to us, a man who seeks close relations with us. He finds a country,

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given into his care, which has come a long way on the road toward an important place in the family of nations.

THE NATION to the south of us bids fair to take over many of the functions that were Holland's and Switzerland's. It is not at all unlikely that Mexico will become the seat of international tribunals hereafter. And already she has become a money exchange center for the entire world. Transactions in foreign exchange that formerly were carried on in Switzerland have been largely transferred to Mexico.

That is just a beginning. Additional enterprise, which in the past had been frightened away by an uncertain government attitude, is already beginning to return. The New York *Times* reported this movement of capital at some length on December eighth. The fact that Avila Camacho has disavowed communism, socialism and extremism is working great good. The new president has come out boldly, too, for the free exercise of religion. After declaring that the third article of the Mexican constitution (the article that has been used often against untractable opponents) will never be employed under his régime as a weapon against any church or any belief, but only as a means of curbing fanatics; he avers:

"I am a Catholic. The Catholic is by origin and sentiment moral. Mexico and Mexicans have before them two great problems—moral and economic: that of spiritual poverty and that of physical misery."

That is undoubtedly one of the finest middle-of-the-road statements that a great leader has ever made.

There is good reason to believe that Mexico faces a great educational revival also, under her new leader. This much is apparent to all who have followed Avila's public avowals. The most revealing promise that he has made in this field is contained in a statement he made to the Mexican press representatives recently. He said:

"One of my pet plans is to elevate the cultural level of Mexico; and the University is one of our chief sources of culture. What I desire is that the University be tied up more closely with the public school system of Mexico, but this without either one losing its autonomy, since complete cultural freedom is the basis of liberty."

This might well have been F.D.R. talking, or any one of our progressive statesmen. There seems to be no doubt of Avila's love of liberty and of his devotion to democratic ideals. And anyone who still maintains the least vestige of belief in the old canard that Mexico is on the Communist side, should be completely disillusioned by Avila's categorical statement made over and over again in his campaign speeches. This statement should be given added weight by the realization that it was made at labor meetings where the Communist element was considerable. At one of these meetings he said:

"No, I am not a Socialist. I am a democrat. I believe firmly that the state ought to extend its hand to the poor; I believe that our economy ought to be managed, ought to seek and find the best possible living for the working classes, but I am not a Socialist. I believe in democracy, I believe in

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liberty, I believe in the economic well-being of all my people.

"The Communists will not collaborate in my government. The Communists, because of the strong national antagonism to them, will have to dissolve on their own initiative. Communist ideas have never gotten a foothold, and never will get a foothold in Mexico.

"Our country is a land of liberty, the people profoundly love liberty, they want their own native doctrines. Therefore the only régime that can prosper in Mexico is a democratic one."

Can there be any doubt left in this country as to what kind of president and what kind of government we will have to the south of us? If so, the last doubt should be removed by President Avila Camacho's advances toward a flirtation with our own State Department. No one in official Washington entertains the slightest question about Mexico's position, and those in high places are looking forward to a closer relationship between the two countries than ever existed before.

Mexico is now making overtures to Britain, also, and it is safe to predict that diplomatic relations will soon be resumed. That is only the prelude to further collaboration between all the democracies of the world.

And in our own international relations, the reception given to Vice President-elect Wallace, by the Mexican Government and people (except for one untoward incident by a group described by some as left-wing malcontents and by others as inspired agents of a Fascist European government), is almost unprecedented in their diplomatic history. It is no exaggeration to say that the Mexican people respect and admire Mr. Wallace. And in this regard it is not amiss to observe here that Henry A. Wallace is a prophet without honor in his own land. The Secretary of Agriculture has been proclaimed by many intellectual leaders in Europe and Latin America as one of the finest, most intelligent and most versatile statesmen in the world. This may be over-enthusiastic, but there is no doubt that Mr. Wallace has done much to merit such extravagant praise. Unquestionably there is no one in official Washington with a greater insight into difficult problems, no one with greater native culture, no one with a sounder, more trustworthy character than our Vice President-elect. Perhaps as a nation we are slower than most to appreciate the talents and capacities of our own great. But Mexico has seen the greatness in Mr. Wallace and does him homage. And unless we repeat some of the bitter mistakes in foreign policy that we have made in the past, we can transfer the adulation of Mr. Wallace to a sound respect and affection for all Americans.

BUT conversely we must make some effort also, since trade and civilization never run on one-way streets. If we can begin to understand Mexico and the Mexican people as they are beginning to comprehend us, together these two nations may create an unexpected cultural and economic union that will be of inestimable value in preserving for the future the remnants of what once was Europe.

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Persons and Personages

AUTHOR OF LEBENSRAUM

Weltwoche, Zurich Independent Weekly

TO THOSE who attended Dr. Karl Haushofer's lectures at the University of Munich, in the years just after the first World War, the events of the last seven years bring memories of the authoritative voice of the professor who announced in 1923: "Italy and Japan are the future allies of Germany." Those students may also remember the sketches chalked on the blackboard: the world ruled by a triangle whose supporting points were Berlin, Rome and Tokyo. No one took Haushofer seriously at that time. The former general who, in 1921, at the age of fifty, embarked on a university career, was considered just another of the many visionaries who at that time filled the bohemian cabarets, where they elaborated programs for universal felicity, raved, conspired and made astrological prophecies. While all about him the tornado of inflation upset hitherto well-organized brains and well-established fortunes, while all kinds of putsches and petty revolutions weakened further an already weakened Germany, the lecturer Haushofer talked with academic detachment of the future role of the Reich as the organizer of Europe, of the decadence of the victors and of the forthcoming redistribution of the world among the dynamic, efficient nations. Step by step, the future outline of our country was sketched, almost twenty years in advance.

One of Haushofer's most devout and enthusiastic pupils, however, did not attend his university lectures. Adolf Hitler was at that time a prisoner in the fortress at Landsberg. Every Wednesday, visiting day, the professor arrived laden with books and manuscripts. In the courtyard of the prison he would hold long discussions with Hitler and his friend Hess, on problems of world policy. These discussions embraced the most distant countries of the world and took the most fantastic flights. They spoke of revolutions in China and in South America, of the problems of Australia and the Pacific. And not one of the three doubted that one day they would really have some say in such matters. Those Wednesday visits of Haushofer's became a tradition that has been maintained up to this day. At least once a week Hitler consults on foreign

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policy with his mentor and in periods of great stress he telephones him every day. The professor, who has never exchanged his teaching post for a desk in any ministry, is now more than ever the directing theoretician of the National Socialist foreign policy. His maps, developed according to his own "dynamic" carthographic style, are the basis of all Hitler's conferences and negotiations. It was according to them that the Munich Pact was made, the partition of Poland, the splitting of France and the revisions of the Danube region. These maps, with their black and white arrows, axes, centrifugal lines, radiation circles, are the basic outlines of the world of the future as planned in Berlin and Munich. Words and phrases created by Herr Haushofer, such as "*lebensraum*" and "powers of order," have come into general usage. The German and Italian pacts with Japan, now a reality, were born in his brain in 1908.

One indication of the high regard in which he is held is that no attention is paid to the fact that his wife is a full Jewess, and that his son, the thirty-six-year-old Dr. Albrecht Haushofer—who is, of course, half Jewish—is being accepted as his father's logical successor.

Haushofer originally planned to follow his father, who was a professor of political economy, in an academic career, but during his period of compulsory military service he grew to like the life and went on to study at the Military College where he was graduated with the rarely granted "all-highest commendation." After only six and a half years service as an officer, he was ordered to the War Academy and was declared eligible for the General Staff. After he became a General Staff officer, he was suddenly ordered to Japan without the usual preparation in the Oriental Seminary, and he remained in the Far East for two years, traveled in India and Burma, North China and Korea, made long journeys through the interior of Japan and established friendly relations with many members of the Japanese division staffs in Fushimi. Here his scientific preparation came to the fore and, on his own, he made many careful observations of the geography of the Far Eastern countries. He studied the publications on defense and military policy of the German geographer, Von Richthofen, and drew his own conclusions concerning the important role in the concert of great powers which the Far East might play in the not too distant future. He saw, also, that though India, China, Japan and the islands of the Indian Ocean occupied only one-seventh of the surface of the earth—which he called the "Indo-Pacific space"—more than one-half of humanity lived there. He calculated that whoever could make an alliance with that part of the globe, with its rich natural resources and superabundant population, could rule the rest of the world, taking into consideration the economic interrelationships and possibilities of communication of the twentieth century. Haushofer noted particularly the relaxation of the British Empire's grip and the immensely increased will to dominate which Japan had acquired with its victory over Russia. He concluded that Germany

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should acquire naval bases in the Indian Ocean and the Pacific and that it should co-operate closely with Japan, which would soon come to have interests and aspirations strongly opposed to those of Great Britain, at that time its friend.

BUT Berlin paid no attention to him. Partly for reasons of health, Haushofer resigned from the army in 1912 and published his observations in a book, *Dai Nippon* (*Greater Japan*). He then returned to the University and at the age of forty-five passed with the highest distinction his examinations for the degree of Doctor of Geography, Geology and History. He returned to the army when the war began and remained at the front as a Brigade Commander for four years, though fully convinced from the beginning that Germany could not win. When the most terrible defeat in German history was followed by revolt and civil war, he did not, like many of his kind, join in any of the nationalist intrigues and terroristic activities but obtained a professorship at the University of Munich. It was his opinion that Germany had lost the war because of insufficient knowledge and experience of world politics. The activities of his former comrades seemed to him a childish playing at soldiers. He himself began to establish a steadily increasing circle of disciples whom he sought to educate to his point of view. In a seminar which he established and in his *Magazine for Geopolitics* he discussed events in all parts of the world. A loan in Persia, an irrigation project in Siam, movements of discontent in some Indian province, increased cotton exports to Australia, a new radio broadcasting station in South America, an experimental airline there, a hostile demonstration by natives in Morocco —all such matters and their implications were carefully noted. There was no weak point in the empires of the former enemy powers with which Haushofer's circle was not familiar. They often were more familiar with what was happening within the French Empire than were the gentlemen of the Quai d'Orsay. Australian reaction to a possible future crisis was better known to them than it was to Whitehall.

Thus, if Germany was able, later on, to strike with the maximum probability of success, it was not the result of "astonishing intuition" but of daring and resolute conclusions based on a knowledge of world conditions far superior to that of its opponents. This should be pointed out to those who, not knowing of Haushofer—who remains in the background—ascribe Hitler's success to the daring intuition of the layman and consider it a demonstration that "men of action" should replace specialists and intellectuals in the leadership of nations. In the publications of the "geo-politicians" can be found the evidence of the years of detailed labor which finally made possible the achievements of the practical politicians of National Socialism, which seemed superficially to be foolhardy improvisations.

HAUSHOFER also originated many of the important slogans of the Third Reich. It was he who formulated

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the "natural right of the capable to living-space, as against that of the possessors of territory who were unable to develop it," long before Hitler's rise to power. In opposition to the *jus populorum*, the right of peoples based on the ethical principles of Roman and Christian law, he dug out again the old right of nature, the right of the stronger over the weaker and the more numerous over the less numerous. "To suffer from undeserved restriction of space is the strongest world-political motive." Haushofer wrote, and he taught the use of this motive. Besides Germany, Italy did not get what it desired from the Versailles Treaty, and over-populated Japan suffered from "space constriction." They were both ready to accept a proposal to redistribute the world. So, while Hitler still believed in an alliance with England, Haushofer envisioned the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo triangle as the basic outline for construction of a new world order. In that future world of the rule of the strong and active, Germany was to lead in Northeast Europe and Siberia, Italy in Southern Europe and Africa and Japan in the Indo-Pacific.

These theories were gladly accepted in Tokyo. It was probably the first time that a white man had justified Japan's expansionist aspirations and recognized its urge for leadership in Asia. Thus, Haushofer became—perhaps, as one of his pupils wrote, unwillingly and without being asked—the political counsellor of Japan. Nowhere are his books and monthly reviews dealing with the Indo-Pacific read with greater zeal and enthusiasm than in Japanese imperialist circles. They have formed the basis of their own ideology of a future Greater Asia from which the white man will be excluded.

There is no doubt that Germany's recognition of these aspirations has contributed a great deal to Japan's anti-English shift. The Third Reich certainly profited from its pact with Japan. Nevertheless, many believe that Haushofer is beginning to be worried about the possible results of his *lebensraum* theories, for he, more than anyone else, carries in his head the statistics of Japanese population increase, to the disadvantage of the white races, and he also knows what disastrous effects Japanese conquest of China or, still more, India would have on the industrial development of the world. Not without secret dread, he visualizes Japan mobilizing half of humanity, its hordes getting a foothold not only in Asia but in the Near East and even Africa and endeavoring to strengthen the "colored front" in the whole world. Haushofer's Japanese friends may soon consider the Indo-Pacific space which he has assigned to them too small and may evoke the "natural law of the peoples restricted to small space" to extend their *lebensraum* to South America, North America and even Europe.

THE seventy-one-year-old professor, contemplating the future of his sons and grandsons, may ask himself, "Have I committed treason to the German race? Was not," he may wonder, "the predominance of white men based on their opposition to the so-called natural right and on an order

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which supported the small and the weak?" Haushofer is fond of quoting the Chinese proverb, "Who rides on a tiger cannot get off." Does he sometimes see himself riding a tiger out into the night?

'Little Hitler' of Hungary

Argentinische Tageblatt, Buenos Aires Liberal German Daily

WHEN the Regent of Hungary, Admiral Nicholas de Horthy, celebrated his seventieth birthday, several months ago, one of his adjutants reminded him respectfully that a letter had arrived for him at the Royal Palace of the Habsburgs, the residence of the Regent. The stamp on the letter bore the cancellation of the military prison at Budapest, and the writer was Prisoner No. 9323. The letter consisted of a single sentence: "In one year, I will be in the Palace, and you will be here in my cell." That was last March.

No. 9323, who dreams of overthrowing the present régime in Hungary and of becoming chief of state, is Major Ferenc Szalasy or, as usually reversed in Hungarian, Szalasy Ferenc. He is leader of the Hungarian Nazis, a kind of deputy representative of Hitler in the former Kingdom of the Habsburgs. His followers call themselves Magyarists. Neither in their political opinions nor in their enthusiasm for terrorist activity do they differ from their German model. The only external difference is their badge insigna. The swastika in Hungary is the insignia of the Nazis of the German minority. Their Magyar comrades, who swear allegiance to Major Szalasy, wear the arrow swastika. The arms of the swastika are pointed into arrows.

Major Szalasy is now serving a three-year prison term for "activities tending to overthrow the political and social order of Hungary by force and violence." This damper to the Magyar cause does not prevent his followers, a number of whom are in prison with him, from recognizing Szalasy as their active leader and worshipping him as the "little Hitler of Hungary." In addition to their arrow swastika, they also wear under their coat lapels a second party insignia, a small triangle bearing the "mystic" number, 9323.

The way by which this undisputed leader maintains himself at the head of the Nazi movement in Hungary, although he lacks the spectacular qualities of a leader, is perhaps characteristic of the mentality of his followers. Szalasy has no extraordinary gifts. His only talent is in establishing illegal "underground" organizations. The man with the pretty round face, who next March threatens to supplant Horthy, was a very mediocre officer and an indifferent soldier. He is an appalling speaker. He cannot express his fanaticism on the platform. At meetings, he is incapable of uttering three connected sentences. In Hungary, where political oratory is developed to

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a fine art, this would have strongly militated against any other aspirant for leadership. But Major Szalasy makes a virtue out of necessity. He avoids addressing crowds by representing his activity as a kind of "divine mission," not to be proclaimed in mundane words. "Prophets" of Szalasy's type don't require fluency. They don't, as the "little Hitler" has said, "hang out their tongues all the time to be understood."

Shortly before his arrest, he posed as the silent, invisible leader. He tries to appear as the man who, in a retirement demanded by Providence, cannot afford to be in the public eye, to appear on noisy political platforms, but confidently expects a call to the leadership of his Fatherland.

This "divinely" ordained silence, in such contrast to Major Szalasy's adored demi-god, the Führer of the Third Reich, makes a strong impression on primitive Hungarians, because Szalasy, whenever he does speak, or in his written messages, always refers to God or Christ as his advocate. Whenever he gives an order, or undertakes some subversive action against the State, Szalasy declares, "I know that Jesus Christ wills it."

Szalasy's program is taken, almost in its entirety, from that of the German Nazis. In foreign policy, Szalasy demands a "Greater Hungary." Originally, his external policy consisted solely in the slogan, "Revision," which meant the return of all Hungarian provinces inhabited by non-Hungarian minorities in Habsburg Hungary before 1914. But, following the partition of Czechoslovakia and Rumania, this part of the Revisionists' program has been greatly enlarged. From his cell, Szalasy now demands a Greater Hungary extending from the Carpathians to the Adriatic. He not only wants to annex all Slovakia and those parts of Yugoslavia which belonged to Hungary before the World War, but he also demands that the neighboring Balkan states cede territories which he considers as "Hungary's *lebensraum*." Although these objectives conflict at many points with the plans of Hitler, Szalasy continually encourages his followers. Hitler is vitally interested in fanning the belligerent spirit and the destructive tendency of Szalasy's men, despite the fact that the Budapest Government, with whom the Reich seems on friendly terms, is strongly opposed to the movement. It is curious how the German press repeatedly suggests that Hungarian Revisionists should be more disciplined, while in secret the German Government approves Szalasy's "Greater Hungary" program.

AS TO domestic policy, the Magyarists indulge in the wildest demagogy. Szalasy's plans for agrarian reform and for nationalization of industry appear to stem from communism. The most effective device employed in

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this social demagogy is extreme anti-Semitism. The Hungarian Government tries to deflate No. 9323 by anti-Jewish legislation. But Szalasy promises to his faithful followers much more than the Government's restrictions on the Jews. When he comes to power, so Szalasy declares to his terrorist band, the "Black Front of the Hungarian Legion" will imitate the Austrian Nazis who, after the entrance of Hitler into Vienna, plundered and pillaged to their heart's content and "expropriated" all Jewish property.

At intervals, Szalasy sends to his faithful this message: "God keeps me at present in solitude, the better to accomplish His aims."

Coffee Stalls

War is not usually kind to old trades, but just occasionally it may even favor their revival. Most London coffee-stall keepers have by now offered their services in response to Lord Woolton's call for traders willing to serve meals to the occupants of public shelters. These almost-forgotten members of the street-trading community had already come into their own again by catering for tired soldiers, sailors, airmen, night workers or stranded war-time travellers. For some, the odd customer or the belated reveller had given this trade a rather dubious reputation and no new licences had been granted by borough councils, mainly because the police did not favor the establishment of additional stalls in frequented places.

There is an association which sees to it that coffee stalls in Greater London, the majority of which are open throughout the night, maintain a good reputation; and this Coffee Stall Keepers' Protection Association began its work about forty years ago. It has a membership of about 300, each paying a small weekly sum—the total number of coffee-stall keepers in Greater London is approximately 600; and well-appointed reserve stalls are at the disposal of members free of charge if their own are wrecked by accident, though it is not clear yet whether air raids count as accidents. The turnover of individual coffee stalls varies greatly, ranging from £8 and £10 a week to £2,000 a year or more for those in key positions. Some coffee stalls are of a great age, going back as far as the 'sixties, and some owners have kept their stalls for twenty-five years or more.

—*Economist*, London

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Civilians and the military alike are terrified by British bombs

Eyewitness Story of Italy at War

By E. J. W.

(Editor's Note: The author of the narrative that follows is a German woman lawyer, who formerly practiced law in Berlin. For obvious reasons she does not want her identity disclosed.)

A BITTER wind blows searchingly down the long, narrow streets, hurrying past the tall mean-looking houses. Before one of them, some twenty human beings are huddled, bare, dirty hands outstretched. Some of the hands are old and gnarled, some young and slender, others have the blunt-fingered chubbiness of childhood, but all are reaching eagerly towards the faint warmth that drifts up from a few coals smoking in an iron pot. Such pots have been common in the Mediterranean region from the most ancient times, but to own one is not for everyone. There are, of course, fortunate souls with fire-pots all their own, smoking dangerously in unventilated rooms. The slight heat afforded comes from German coal, bought as Americans buy sugar or flour, and measured out by the lump. But for God's poor, there is only the charity of a neighbor who may be moved to place a pot before his door. When one can afford it, there is old Enrico, who trots about the mud-colored streets, pushing his pot on a cart. You can warm yourself briefly for a few *centesimi*. Coals are becoming harder to get, thanks to the blockade of the British. By April, their use in heating the apartment houses of the well-to-do will be forbidden.

Even now, things are sufficiently difficult. But poverty is a part of life, like wind or rain or hot sunlight. It has been with one always, and will continue until the end. To be without coarse shoes between one's feet and the rough lava blocks of the streets, even in winter, to wear ancient rags, to sleep in the streets—all men know these things and accept them without astonishment or resentment.

There is an inner richness to life

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that is compensation for drawbacks that have become so familiar as to be almost non-existent. Even when stripped to its essentials, life is deep and satisfying. But today there is something new. An ominous, haunting overtone that hangs over the noisy streets, over the little knot by the fire-pot. It is everywhere.

It is fear.

For this is the Autumn of 1939. And these are the people, the only ones in Europe, except perhaps for the equivocal Russians, who have openly declared themselves for the strange, angry man of Munich.

These are the Italians and this is Italy.

Naples, to be exact. It is in unfavorable contrast to Sopra-Bolzano, high in the Dolomites, where I have lived for seven months with the family of a woodcarver, and his eleven noisy, laughing children. The woodcarver is an Austrian Catholic and proud. When an Italian speaks, he pretends not to hear. This is the Tyrol and 80 per cent German. Taken from Austria and given to Italy by the Treaty of St. Germain, it has been a sore spot for two decades, and the center of much Nazi activity.

I, too, am a German. Or rather, I was, for I am an American now. My husband was a chemist in Berlin. It was not pleasant to feel the iron bands of Nazi regimentation pressing upon even the most private aspects of one's life. We were pleased when there was a business opportunity in Vienna. After the Anschluss, Germans were rather pointedly welcome there. And the Axis agreement, of course, meant the encouragement of business relationships between Germany and Italy's industrial north. My husband found himself going more and more frequently to Milan and Turin on business. I stayed on at Bolzano, which is very popular as a resort with both Italians and Germans, who ignore each other's presence as much as possible. But we could not, as the Summer of 1939 went by, forget that, after all, we were German citizens, or that my husband, although in his forties, was still liable for military service.

A DARING idea took possession of us. That it might ever succeed seemed unlikely. But we would try. We would go to the United States. This my husband succeeded eventually in doing, arriving in New York in the spring of 1940 with two dollars. After infinite delay and disappointment, I was able to follow him in August. But in the meantime I watched what is possibly the most unwarlike nation in Europe prepare for war.

When mobilization was ordered in September 1939, a wave of fear swept over the people. The faces of the men who appeared in response to the placards posted all over Italy, were sullen. They presented a most unsoldier-like appearance in their ragged clothing, often without shoes, or wearing ones not mates, supplying their own underwear, if any, and often forced to remain in civilian dress for lack of uniforms. No facilities were provided for sanitation or cleanliness. One could see the soldiers' dirty clothing hanging out the windows of the

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school houses and old public buildings that had been commandeered as barracks.

But their lack of ordinary military equipment did not matter because, after all, they did not expect to fight, or if eventually forced to do so, not for at least three years. Headlines in other countries would scream, "Italy Mobilizes One Million Men," and the enemy would quake accordingly. It was only necessary to say, not to do. As Germany ripped her way through Poland in three bloody weeks of terror, people were glad they were going to be on the side of the victor but were almost as afraid of him as if the dread *Panzerdivisienen* were poised on their own borders.

But, Il Duce . . . ah, he was clever! He would outsmart the dull Germans, and wrest from them victories, colonies and concessions for the Italian people without one drop of Italian blood being spilled. Italy was to be the weight in the scales, everlastingly threatening to shake the balance, yet never quite doing so. Her indecision would keep England from taking any decisive steps in the Mediterranean, keep her impotent until victory was within Hitler's grasp, and then Italy would step in at the victor's side with flourishing Latin gestures and a greedy hand for unearned spoils. In the meantime, she could engage very profitably in shipping, being one of the few neutrals left free to do so, and needed supplies could flow from the outside world to the ally in the north, defeating in part the hated British blockade.

Yet under this confidence, a secret doubt rumbled. This trade agreement and pact of friendship between Germany and Russia in late August of '39 —that was hard to explain. Between 40,000 and 100,000 Italian soldiers had died in Spain, fighting side by side with the Germans against this same menace of communism which the Nazis had denounced in such thunderous terms. Now the two were apparently embracing. Perhaps it was a political trick on the part of the Germans to frighten England. Perhaps . . . perhaps. . . . In the coffee shops, where chicory had taken the place of coffee, there was much speculation. It was all hard to understand. But of one thing one could be certain. There would be no war for Italy, no real fighting. Il Duce had solemnly promised it. "*Non-belligerenza.*" That was the word. To it the people clung with pathetic persistency.

Then, too, the story went around that for a formal declaration of war, the signature of Il Rex, the beloved little man with the big red cap, was needed. The King, who had the

—*Daily Mirror*, London

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aristocratic disdain of the House of Savoy for the blacksmith's son, would never sign. And then, Il Papa, he too works always for peace. It is said that he sleeps on a straw pallet on the Vatican floor these troubled nights, which shows him to be a holy man like those of old, even if he does shave with an American electric razor.

No, there will not be a war. Il Duce will take care of everything. He is their father, their friend. His political methods are violent, yes, but violence is something one understands. Assassination, treachery, the suppression of free speech, the coup—the blood of Borgia and condottiere has not run too thin as yet for the value of such matters to go unappreciated. Are they not the very essence of practical politics, the *Realpolitik* of which the Germans speak with such assurance?

Germans and Italians fear and dislike each other for reasons which have largely to do with racial differences. The two peoples simply do not understand each other. With the French, it is different. For them, the Italians have liking and respect. Indeed, on the littoral, where the Mediterranean laps a common shore, the two peoples merge into a common type. All last winter during the Westwall-Maginot stalemate, many officers in the Italian army believed that despite the Axis, if Italy ever did enter the war, it would be on the side of France. Great was Italy's respect for France's military power. Never would she fight against her or take up arms against her ally, England, until French arms had been laid down. France's sudden and unexpected collapse gave the Italians new courage and new respect for the German military machine.

During the winter, in spite of all that was said, one could sense the coming of war. Coffee became impossible to obtain. It was going to Germany, one heard. Not until the late spring of 1940 could it be had, and then only in minute amounts. Fruits and vegetables, indeed all supplies, became very scarce; in fact so much Italian food was being sent to Germany that by February 1940, there was a real scarcity and a substantial increase in prices, in some cases as much as 50 per cent. To combat this, a law was passed in March ordering all salaries increased from 15 to 25 per cent.

I know of no instance where this was put into effect. I spoke of it to Assunta, the chambermaid in our pension, and received the same reply I was to get from so many others. "One does not complain, Signora. There is one's job to think of." But Assunta was deeply concerned at the moment with her brother who was in a nearby military hospital for an appendectomy. The entire family, as is the cosy Italian custom, had joined him at the hospital for the ordeal, taking turns sleeping on the floor beside his bed. Ten days after the operation, Ludovico had to return to full duty aboard his ship. But for the moment, he was the object of family solicitude.

Assunta's family, like so many others, were also making a good thing of the food rationing cards, which provided allowances of such things as sugar and soap for the poor, who never had them anyway, and who sold the cards at an agreeable profit to those

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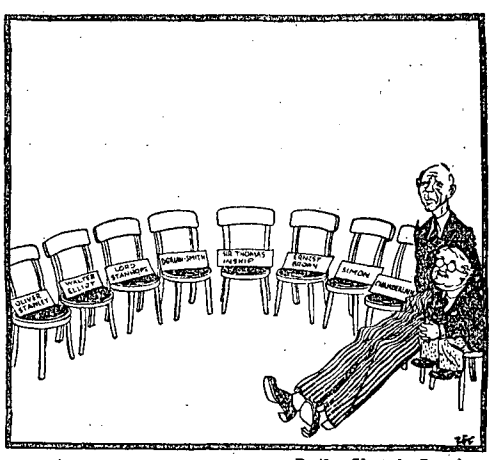
better able to afford such luxuries. Everyone was pleased with the arrangement.

ITALIAN poverty, especially in the larger cities, has a fantastic quality about it. Only in the Orient is there anything comparable. Life for the poor in the Italian city is the life of the street. Here they are born, live and die, eat and sleep, and perform all the functions of living without shame or reticence. A hundred and fifty lira a month is a very common income. Poor fisherfolk make perhaps 2 lire a day; 2 lire is about 10 cents, the amount the average urban American requires to get himself to work in the morning. The very poor may live entirely on seaweed, if they are near the coast. Slimy and stinking, it is eaten raw. In Naples, the fishermen and their families live on raw fish and seaweed. Spaghetti and the various other forms of *pasta* are not universally eaten, as one might suppose, because not everyone can afford them.

Children are nursed at the breast until the second year to save the cost of food. Latin fertility is naturally great, and is encouraged by the Duce's bounty for *bambini*. Hence two children, a toddler and a pale-looking infant, may be depending upon a single source of nourishment. Milk is unsafe and expensive, and many attain adulthood without knowing its taste. One is struck by the appearance of the children. Their dark, beautiful eyes are ringed with the shadow of anemia. Boils and skin diseases are terribly prevalent. Small faces are pale and thin, bone formation poor and rachitic. Even the grown-ups often lapse into the deep silence of nutritional exhaustion. One cannot have both bullets and butter in a country where the annual national income is the equivalent of $2,000,000,000.

Education is hard to get. I remember well little Lucia, who begged me to write a letter for her to her soldier lover in Libya. It was true Marco could not read, but there was a man with the army who read the soldiers' letters to them, and Marco would be so proud to receive writing. There are schools, of course, but the tuition fee of 15 lire a semester is beyond the means of most low-income-group families. So children begin early their rough and tumble life on the streets, a natural soil for the war-like principles of fascism. One must fight, be strong, strike out. That way lies individual and national virility. But it was not good to see, as I did in Rome, the six- and seven-year-olds of the Balilla parading with real bayonets. In the hot sun's gleam on those shining points was the ultimate distillation of Fascist cynicism and disregard for human values



—*Daily Sketch*, London

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—the putting of the means of death into small hands new to life, and the making of such means beautiful and desirable, a symbol of manhood.

Untaught in the real sense of the word, more often than not unable to read, ignorant of their country's great cultural heritage, what chance have these youngsters with their undernourished bodies, their minds stuffed with military bombast, to grow up into normal, well-balanced adults, capable of creating a future worth living in? But this is not a problem that keeps the dictators of Europe awake at night. At the heart of their ant-heap philosophy is contempt for the individual and his miniscule concerns.

National poverty and lack of resources lie deep beneath these troubled waters. Pathetic have been the results so far of Italy's land-grabs. Ethiopia has not been of economic value, and the cost of the campaign was immense. Albania, a primitive country, rich in brigands and malaria, was a futile gesture, something to salve self-respect after Hitler's march into Austria.

WAR. It was coming closer and closer. With the Brenner Pass meeting of Hitler and Mussolini in March, the blast of war propaganda began, directed mainly against England. On the filthy tram cars of Naples one saw the legend splashed, "England's the dirtiest thing in the world!" Cartoons, radio, inflammatory articles, atrocity stories—all the old whips for lashing an unwilling people into war, were brought to bear. One April day, returning to my pension, Danish and clean, I noticed a small group of the ragged poor listlessly watching two or three of the police fussily tending a small bonfire. Its flames were licking the pages of *Osservatore Romano*, the official newspaper of the Vatican, which had just been suppressed for printing foreign news dispatches. In a few minutes, the watchers drifted on, not liking to watch anything perhaps sacrilegious or maybe just keeping their secret thoughts to themselves, which is the only safe thing to do anywhere in Europe today.

On June 10 came the announcement on the radio that Il Duce would speak that afternoon from the well-worn balcony in the Venice Palace, and that all Fascist males must be present in uniform in the large square below. They dutifully dropped everything and assembled for two restless hours before the Presence revealed itself. A roar of applause. The screams of "Duce!" "Duce!" Then the upthrust arm, the jutting jaw, commanding silence. The evils of the democracies had become a stench in the nostrils of the young and virile dictatorships. Injustices must be ended. On and on went the strident voice. At the end, an Italian friend turned to me with a smile. "Well," he queried, dusting off his uniform, "what shall we take first, Malta or Corsica?"

Under the outward excitement and effort at jubilation, half defiant and half embarrassed, was a deep sadness, a sense of impending disaster. Italy had made the final break with her old ally, England, who all winter long had been raining down propaganda leaflets, and who now, less than two days

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after Italy's formal declaration of war, was showering down bombs. English warships off Genoa were laying down a heavy barrage. Bombing was a matter for which no serious preparation had been made. The other guests at my boarding house ran about screaming and crying, crowding into the halls. At first, they could not understand what was happening. With realization, their fear redoubled. No air-shelters had been prepared, no instructions issued. No one knew what to do. Even the men wept with excitement and fear. Within a few days, makeshift shelters were opened in street-car tunnels, and the basements of houses and apartment buildings were ordered converted to that purpose. But the preparation was half-hearted, for no one thought the war could last. Certainly not the bombing. Actually, it continued without cessation from the first night on, as long as I was there.

The terror of the people was pitiable. Almost as disastrous as the English bombs was Italian anti-aircraft fire from which huge fragments of hot steel ricochetted through the flaming skies, tearing their way through two and three stories of the lightly constructed houses. The principal bag of the ground batteries during my stay was an Italian plane, brought down by mistake. I have been startled in the darkness of a basement shelter by a hand fervently clutching my arm, to find later that its owner was an Italian officer, sick with fear. After that I huddled in bed with baby and dog, doing what I could to comfort both while a raid was on. Somehow, bed seemed better than the basement, where people moaned and called upon the saints while English bombs whistled down through the blackout.

JAMMING the big transports, which included the once gay *Rex* and *Conte de Savoia*, well known to travelling Americans, but now painted a dull gray, were thousands of soldiers bound for Libya, for which Naples is the port. They were better equipped than the ragged boys I had seen mobilizing in September, but many wept openly at being separated from their families. For Africa, with its thirsts and fevers, Italians have a great fear, dating back to the disastrous first Ethiopian campaign in the last century.

I, too, was among the seekers at the consulate in Naples, for in early May an affidavit arrived there from the United States, attesting to the fact that my husband had a job. I had become almost resigned to remaining where I was "for the duration," but now began three months of frantic effort, of hope and disappointment, of endless travelling between Rome and Naples, of hours of waiting in consulates and embassies, accompanied always by baby and dog.

When I actually found myself on the plane for Lisbon, it didn't seem to matter at all that for some mysterious reason most of my baggage hadn't appeared, and that I was leaving Italy in the clothes I was wearing and with one evening gown. I had the baby and dog.

Dropping rapidly away below me was Italy, and war and all that it meant. Before me was the future. A week's wait in Lisbon for a boat, but hope, and a life worth living at last.

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Their London cables appear locally to give the public a 'neutral' view

Our Reporters Under Blitzkrieg

By GORDON BECKLES
Sphere, London Illustrated Weekly

NEW names are figuring in the breakfast-table reading of Britain. Scarcely a day goes by without one—or all—of the national daily newspapers printing a column of news written by William Stoneman, or Raymond Daniell, or H. R. Knickerbocker. These are the men who cable throughout the day and night to America, telling of how the battle is going and how the country is standing up to its ordeal.

Why is so much of their work reprinted when there are plenty of good reporters here? Because it is a human failing to wish to see ourselves as others see us. There is an air of detachment and appraisal in the best work of the American newsmen that helps to round off the daily war picture. Not that they are themselves in a position of detachment. Nearly all have been under close bombardment in London or at the place they christened "Hell Corner"; at least two of them, Guy Murchie of the Chicago *Tribune* and Stanley Johnston, are Dover casualties.

The corps of men who daily feed the complex machine of American news numbers about seventy, although there are over 120 American newsmen of various sorts now working in London: magazine writers, newsreel script writers and various attached specialists. On some days fifty thousand words have been cabled across the Atlantic in the jangling "cable-ese" of journalism, to be deciphered and embroidered to twice that amount on the cable desks in New York and Chicago, and printed for a public to whom Stoneman, Ray Daniell and Knickerbocker are household names.

Those who judge American reporters by Hollywood standards do these men a grave injustice. As a body, they are quiet and modest. The miseries of the world, year in and year out, often have a saddening effect on observers of sensitivity. Take William Stoneman, the chief correspondent of the

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Chicago *Daily News*, one of the more conservative of America's great dailies. He is a lean, softly-spoken man with sad eyes. His only boast is that he is a reporter, and a Chicago reporter at that. The title "Special Correspondent" seems too highfalutin' for him, as it does for most of his colleagues. He came to Europe ten years ago, when Negley Farson was still serving the *Daily News* in London. For three and a half years he was posted in Moscow. Then came two and a half years in Italy, and he has embraced the Abyssinian war in his assignments.

Now Stoneman sits in an office on the third floor of a building in Parliament Street within 100 yards of the House of Commons. Downstairs is a cable bureau. His day begins early and finishes about two o'clock in the afternoon, for the *Daily News* is an afternoon paper. There is six hours difference between London and Chicago, and his paper's foreign service is recabled to many other journals across the Continent.

William Stoneman comes from the next Michigan village to the one in which Webb Miller was born. Miller died tragically three months ago, known to a wide public as the author of *I Found No Peace*. He was ordered to stay in Paris by the United Press to help "in covering the peace" in 1919. The title of his one volume could be applied to the experiences of a dozen veteran men now assembled from European capitals, in London. It was a case of just one damn thing after another. Gandhi and Indian unrest, Chinese wars and revolutions, Russian upheavals, fascism and Nazi ferocities, Abyssinia and Spain. Miller had seen them all. Two days before the biggest of all the balloons went up on May 10, Miller was killed in a London suburban railway accident.

He was the head of the great United Press agency in Europe, besides being its star reporter. The United Press is the most energetic of all the American agencies, and is familiar to English readers through a twin service called British United Press. Berlin news is issued largely through this latter agency nowadays, cabled via New York. There are thirteen men on the United Press staff in London. Not all are writing every day, for there is much desk work in their offices in Bouverie Street. In normal times direct flashes to New York are the common practice, but the censorship now inevitably delays messages.

WHAT is written by United Press men in London is of added importance because of the agency's wide ramifications in South America. Just as Reuters monopolizes the East, so does United Press monopolize the supply of news to the Latin countries south of Panama. A story still remembered admirably illustrates the extensive network of a modern agency. It was on an autumn night in 1930. As Sunday morning dawned, the work slackened, for this is the quietest moment of the week; but into the United Press London office came a flash from Buenos Aires reporting that the local radio station (where they had a "contact") had given them the tip that Le Bourget was trying vainly to get in

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touch with the airship R 101, which had sailed India-wards a few hours before. From this across-the-globe clue the tragedy of Beauvais was first revealed to the world.

Perhaps the strongest London staff is that maintained by the New York *Times*, which has offices near Printing House Square. The name of Ray Daniell is a familiar one to New York each morning, and much that he has "filed" since the war has appeared in London dailies. Bob Post and Harold Callender are both *Times* writers, with Scotty Reston and some half dozen others on the staff. Daniell himself is what is known as a "hard news" man, schooled as a reporter in New York, which is as hard a school as newspaperdom knows.

The New York *Herald Tribune* has six on its staff, possibly the best known being Ed Angly, a deceptively sedate man in appearance. Angly represented his paper on the long and wasted vigil at Arras when, after six months of kicking their heels around, all the B. E. F. war correspondents were shipped back again directly the trouble started. Except for the accounts of a lucky few during the first week, the whole Dunkirk exploit went unrecorded by professional recorders. The Americans were quite willing to risk staying and banking on their neutral status.

The Associated Press, just around the corner from the United Press, has a staff of fifteen on its twenty-four-hour service, the Chicago *Tribune* three, the *Christian Science Monitor* six, and other journals with London representation include the New York *Sun*, Kansas City *Star*, the Baltimore *Sun*, Chicago *Times*, New York *Daily News*, and the *Wall Street Journal*. All these have made their bow in English columns during the past exciting months.

All these men are obliged to maintain close contact with the American department of the Ministry of Information in Bloomsbury. Until recently the public has been made all too aware that the Americans have been complaining bitterly, not only that their work is made more difficult by the Ministry but that they are actually hampered in their unneutral task of furthering the British cause in what they write. Now a new head of the American section has been appointed to represent American needs and demands in official circles. This is Douglas Williams, a brother of the novelist Valentine Williams, who was for long head of the Reuters office in New York and returned there to represent the *Daily Telegraph* five years ago.

AND what do all these American observers *really* think of the way things are going? What they write is perfectly genuine. They think that Britain will win. They are all pro-Churchill—all the ones that I happen to know, and all the more vocal ones were bitter critics of the old, slack days. The phrase "a phoney war" was coined in the United States, but it was inspired by the cables sent by the Americans in London who watched Munich come and go, the declaration of war made and yet saw all too much evidence that Britain's full effort was not being made. If more American support comes to us it will be in no

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small measure due to the rather tired, somewhat homeless-looking men whom one can see sipping highballs at a certain bar in the Strand.

—And in China

China at War, Chungking

CHINESE newspapermen behind enemy lines in North China are leading a Spartan life. With their food and lodging taken care of, they receive from three to five dollars a month as pocket money. Salary is something of the past. Yet, despite their material discomfort, a Chungking journalist returning from his tour to Shansi and Hopei, reported no decline in their enthusiasm for the profession.

The largest Chinese news-sheet in that region has a circulation of 50,000 copies. On the average, ten persons share one copy. Thus, it easily enjoys a reading public of half a million people. This paper comes out every other day. Its editorial and printing rooms are in an unostentatious farm house in the Taihang mountains on the Shansi-Hopei border.

During the last Japanese mopping-up campaign, gunfire was clearly audible at the place. Yet the newspaper staff stuck to their jobs. Through unusual calmness, they managed not to miss a single edition. Meanwhile, they had made all necessary preparations for evacuation at short notice, if the worst should happen. However, it did not.

Mimeographed news-sheets are found practically everywhere behind Japanese lines in the northern provinces. Once, the Chungking journalist walked into a small village not far away from the Peiping-Hankow railway to find three of his co-professionals putting out a news-sheet. The entire staff, from editor to printer, boasted of just three men. The surprising fact is that their paper, coming out twice a week, actually reaches the hands of Chinese inhabitants in the Japanese-controlled towns of Shihchiachwang and Chengting.

Several times the Japanese garrisons tried to hunt down this troublesome news-sheet. Once, a searching party actually entered the village. The village elder offered to help in the search. What he actually did was to tip off the trio to conceal their printing apparatus. As soon as the Japanese party had left, the mimeograph machine was put to work again.

In the Western Hills overlooking the city of Peiping, where Chinese guerillas have their base, is published the only lithographed news-sheet in entire North China today. Its editorial rooms are housed in a pagoda, which also serves as a watch tower for the guerillas. Working there are some twenty people, many of whom used to teach or study in Peiping or Tientsin universities. They lead a simple life, growing their own vegetables and gathering their own firewood.

Through an intricate courier system, more than 300 copies of every issue are smuggled through Japanese sentinels to reach a fairly wide circle of people inside Peiping. It has always been puzzling to the Japanese. The paper is coming out twice a week. Many of its Peiping readers wrote to the edi-

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tor asking that it should be published more often. Several times, readers asked for more war news from South China fronts.

ONE strikingly similar feature of all these newspaper offices in North China, the Chungking journalist observed, is the presence of firearms. In every office there are always a number of rifles and hand grenades lying around. When a reporter goes out to get his news, he not only carries pencil and paper but also hand grenades. This is a well-advised precaution, because in Hopei and Shansi, where the Chinese and Japanese lines are so confusingly intermixed, one never knows when or where he may run into the enemy.

After the First World War

Those years after the first World War, when one looks back on them, were a kind of jumble of Freud and Marx and luxury cruises and the Dorchester Hotel, set against a background of unemployment, slums, bitter poverty and anger (the slums and the poverty had been there, of course—and a lot worse—before 1914, but the well-to-do had taken them as part of the eternal order of things—"the poor ye have always with you"—and they had not troubled their consciences). Right or Left, every value was material. On the Right, a desperate clinging to a pseudo-frame of Victorian stability and luxury—with the emphasis on the luxury. A security and luxury and comfort which the well-to-do no longer even imagined they paid for by service, and which therefore became a form of conscious robbery sufficient to destroy anyone's self-respect. So that they all had a conscience that was no longer at ease (and no Englishman can begin to be happy unless his conscience is satisfied). On the Left, a desperate clinging to the belief that to put Marx into practice was all that was needed to bring complete paradise on earth for everybody.

The Right was meaner? It was. But not quite so silly.

But it may be that that queer nightmare period was a necessary prelude to any real change. . . .

And, at least in this country—as we have now discovered—the rot that was started by the disease of materialism had not really gone very deep.

—Lady Rhondda in *Time and Tide*, London

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Free production and exchange of goods as an antidote to universal conflict

The Economics of War and Peace

By FRANK CHODOROV

IT ISN'T difficult to reassemble a dismembered clock—if you know the principle upon which clocks are built. It isn't difficult, as it is so often asserted, to make peace if the principle of peace is understood. In fact, the break-up of the mechanism of peace is due to our ignorance of its plan—not knowing how it works, or why. We tinker with it, remove essential cogs, let injurious substances settle in the works and, presto, it breaks down. That's war. When we try to put the thing together at the peace conference the same ignorance of principle plays havoc; what we put together is a makeshift, lacking essential parts and containing the same injurious substances that caused the breakdown. That is why every peace treaty has been the prelude to another war.

So, in order to make peace we must know its principle. Even then we might encounter difficult problems of assembly; but with the plumb-line of principle to guide him, the engineer's difficulties are none that assiduous effort cannot overcome.

It is a rule of logic that we find truth through an examination of error. We assume, *a priori*, that war is error. If we take the position that war is an essential condition of existence, like breathing, or that it is nature's way of relieving the press of population against subsistence, or that it is the inevitable evolutionary process toward a higher civilization, or that it has any beneficial purpose whatsoever, then our inquiry into the conditions that make for peace is merely mental calisthenics. All the apologies for war are untenable, not only because they arise from premises which are contrary to observable fact and are palpably tainted with *petitio principii*, but because war is repulsive to every moral concept. In the long run what seems to be wrong will prove itself wrong. Ethical judgment has a way of detect-

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ing the fallacy in the plausible syllogism.

What, then, are the stigmata of war which may direct us to the principle of its opposite, peace? There is, first, premature death, which in all times, even war, we strive desperately to overcome. Then there is the destruction of the very thing the creation of which engages our energies with such tenacity as to seem to be the purpose of life—property. The destruction of property is attended with its corollary, the stoppage of production; indeed, the *modus operandi* of war is to prevent, by embargoes, blockades, and other interruption of making and trading, the ordinary processes of living. The objective is to enforce the will of one group upon the other, toward the end that the victor may the better enjoy life through exploitation of the vanquished; that, of course, is living by robbery.

It will be observed from this summation of the obvious that war is a set-up in which the individual does everything he ordinarily does not want to do. The set-up is arranged for him by other individuals who, apparently, also do not want war, but who become identified with a something called "the state," to which attach amoral qualities. It is the state that needs war. What the state is, and why war is essential to it, will be touched on later.

OUR inquiry, then leads us to man. He fights, destroys and dies at the behest of the state, but from our observation the whole business seems contrary to his ordinary impulses. To him life is a continuous search for gratifications. His desires are satiated with things which nature provides in abundance; all he has to do is to modify and transport these things so as to satisfy his desires. First he wants food, then raiment and shelter; when these simple wants, like those of any animal, are supplied, the quirk of his make-up which differentiates him from the other animals asserts itself—intellectual curiosity. He wonders at the world about him, seeks to ascertain its characteristics and finds he can utilize it for the gratification of different desires. And soon he learns about the pleasures that this world can give him, in ideas and in expression, in building and in play.

Thus the whole process of individual life seems to be one of satisfying desires, finding new ones and liquidating them through production. But the individual finds that his powers of gratification are far less than his appetites. And he discovers that by concentrating his limited ability he can produce a lot more of any one thing than he can consume. So he hits upon the idea of trading—giving up what he has too much of for what he has too little of. Specialization results in greater production through trade, and the human contacts in the market place give rise to what we call civilization. There, in the market place, the exchange of ideas is filled in with human sympathies, and the fabric of culture is woven.

Thus we find that the whole business of individual existence is production and trade, the whole known (not spiritual) purpose is the satisfaction of desires. War, as noted, is an interference with this business and an interruption of this purpose. The prin-

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ciple of war is destruction; the principle of peace is production.

If this is true, if the condition of peace is one of uninterrupted production, then it follows that any interference with the man's desire, to build and enjoy, is in itself an act of war. The clock we spoke of will continue to keep time even if the face is broken and its pedestal is smashed; the process of destruction however has begun. In like way, conflicts between nations are the climactic evidences that, long before they happen, things have been done to the process of production which identifies peace. The slightest hampering of man's urge to produce and exchange the things that make for satisfactions is an irritant which starts the decay of civilized existence.

In order to understand war and avoid it, or to understand peace and keep it, we must recognize and eliminate every interference with production.

FIRST, we observed that all desires are satisfied by the application of human labor to nature's storehouse. There is no other way. The one who enjoys the products need not be the one to bring them into being; but somebody has to work the land before anybody can have anything worth while having. Since effort is as undesirable as gratification is desirable, the tendency of man is to obtain the latter without the former; to get something for nothing, as the saying goes. That's where the mechanism of peace begins to disintegrate.

For it is obvious that if the land is the source of all production, its ownership is the means of getting things without working. The price for the privilege of working the land is in effect an abstraction from the laborer of part of his production. Whether the price is in bushels of wheat (share cropping) or in dollars, does not alter the condition of robbery that has set in. The laborer is forcibly, even if legally, relieved of part of his wage, and finds himself unable to secure in the market place the things he wants and has worked for. That is an interference with production, for his lack of

wages means unemployment for another worker.

But how does this robbery of the English laborer result in bloody conflict with the German laborer, similarly robbed? Let us imagine that one man held title to the entire earth, and that his right to that title is rivetted in law, hallowed by tradition and universally accepted as a natural condition of existence. Competition between

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workers for choice locations would automatically bring contributions of their products to his coffers. This depletion of their wages would intensify their desire to produce more; and this in turn would make the landlord's property more desirable, his share of the products greater. But, since law and custom have obscured this leak in the total of wealth produced, other scapegoats would be sought. Differences in religion, color, language or manner of thought bring about misunderstanding which readily lends itself to emotional reactions; the "foreigner" is always the scapegoat for an economic hurt. Our universal landlord may make use of this psychological phenomena to fend for himself, but it is not necessary that he do so.

This peculation of wages—which, as shown, is a deterrent to production—may be increased by the landlord's cupidity; he may hold certain choice locations out of use, by placing a price on them which is beyond labor's present capacity to pay, and the remaining spots therefore become more valuable. His "take" becomes greater. A similar result is obtained by making his personal playgrounds inaccessible for productive purposes. The temper of the workers is not improved, and the conditions leading to a break-up of peace are at hand.

It can be seen that if the whole earth were the watch-charm of one man, the case for production would be pretty bad. It is worse when, as it is, the source of supply is divided into numerous "spheres" of exploitation. For then we have the conflicts of avarice to mess things up; not only do individual landlords vie with each other for a greater share of the tribute from production, but groups of these fellows combine to grab the world's most lucrative spots (mines, oil wells, railroads), for themselves, and to exclude the less powerful groups. The modern technique of grabbing up the earth's natural resources is called the cartel system; a few years ago it was called imperialism; in former times it was called, what it really is, conquest. Under any cognomen it is nothing but the defalcation of the worker's wages —or an interference with production.

THERE are a variety of legal and extra-legal schemes for achieving ownership of the earth, ranging from purchase to bribery to conquest. In the broad sense, conquest covers all of them. For, whether an army grabs physical control or a foreclosed mortgage results in legal control, the net result is economically identical; those who work or live on the land, or require access to its resources, must give up part of their production (or wages).

Internal and international conquest are alike in their economic results. In both, the essential instrument is power; in both, the power rests with the State. Internally the State assures the private appropriation of rent through law, and largely guarantees this appropriation by shifting the expense of government services to its taxing power. Taxes further deplete the purchasing power of labor; which means another interference with the productive purposes of peace.

International conquest stems from internal poverty and from the search

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PALO ALTO PUBLIC LIBRARY READING ROOM

for more rent or taxes from peoples living in other parts of the world. Foreign investments—resulting from the excess of the privately appropriated rent over the personal needs of the appropriators—may be confiscated by local politicians, or may come into competition with investments from other countries. Indeed, foreign investment is the modern version of the freebooting expedition; it is the economic penetration which ultimately must result in the sending of a collecting army. Quite frequently the collecting armies of two or more investing countries meet on the land of the exploited people. It is obvious that neither the soldiers of these armies, nor the peoples whose production is the bone of contention, can look forward to any economic benefit from the outcome. From the producer's viewpoint war is always lost.

The appropriation of production through our land-tenure system is only one way of creating an unbalanced society, in which a few gain satisfactions gratuitously while others do the work. There seems to be some ground for the claim that the land system is the historical pattern for privilege, and that to it is due the pressure-group technique of getting something for nothing through the power of the State. The protective tariff privilege, the patent graft, the laws favoring organized labor and organized business, the social security dream, the sinecures of bureaucrats, bonuses to soldiers—all these are burdens borne by production. Every one, particularly the protective tariff, is an interference with the principle of peace. Every one frustrates the free exchange of goods, services and ideas which identify the human purpose. But if all these privileges were removed and only the private ownership of the earth remained, it is apparent that there would be no relief; for land would become more valuable, that is, more of the production could be demanded by its owners, and the economy of poverty which fosters war would remain.

The appeal to national prejudices, ideological and social differences, and cultural bigotries must precede every conflict. For men commit neither suicide nor murder except when psychologically deranged. The mental conditioning is a highly inflammatory process and appears, therefore, to be the cause of war. But the economic prerequisite to such conditioning is poverty, or the fear of poverty. When the primary purpose of life is frustrated it is a simple matter to direct the resulting blind fury toward peoples who because of the strangeness of their appearance or habits lend themselves readily to the search for a cause; particularly when the real cause is hidden in the laws and traditions fostered by the beneficiaries of the system.

So, if we would have peace we must build a society on the principle of peace. We must assemble the parts with the idea that the purpose of the mechanism is the satisfaction of desires, and that free production is the motive force. We must recognize in poverty the signal that a deleterious substance has crept in, that privilege is the cause of it, and that the private appropriation of rent is the primary privilege. That is to say, if we would have peace we must make men free.

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The Nationalists clamor for a separate peace with Germany

Myopia in South Africa

By J. GRESHOFF

Bataviaasch Nieuwsblad, Java

PROBABLY more so than in any other country under the sun, a knowledge of its politics is essential to an understanding of the situation today of the Union of South Africa. For in that part of the British Empire, domestic politics are the dominant factor in everyone's life, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to assert that there is no other subject of conversation. Perhaps that is one reason why, in the Union, it is difficult to find people who know what is taking place elsewhere in the world.

The white population of the Union of South Africa, which numbers about two million, is roughly divided into three polito-racial groups. The first group is made up of so-called Nationalists; the second are British die-hards, and the third is the mass of political moderates who speak both Boer and English, as the occasion demands. This last bi-lingual group believes in the co-operation of all South African elements working together on the basis of their Dominion status.

Curiously, lingual differences in South Africa do not follow ethnic lines, but cut across all three groups. Thus, those who fought the British in the Boer War still speak Boer, but the political convictions of some of their leaders have changed radically. General J. B. M. Hertzog, the former Premier, has repeatedly demanded the conclusion of a separate peace between the Union of South Africa and Germany; on the other hand, General J. C. Smuts describes himself as a "true servant of the British Empire," and he acts the part.

The British die-hards, for the most part recently immigrated to the Union, are not particularly active politically, despite their influence, but the Nationalists are active in the extreme. They demand, consistently and continually, absolute independence from Britain. The majority of this group shows a

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leaning toward the totalitarian powers, although it must be said that their knowledge of authoritarian régimes is the foggiest. Some of the membership is openly in sympathy with Nazi Germany. Their chief characteristic, however, is their opposition to everything and everybody—a sort of totalitarian hostility that makes no exceptions: they are anti-British, anti-Semitic, anti-Dutch, anti-capitalistic and anti-Negro. Confronted with a positive proposal, they flounder in confusion.

This uncertainty of the Nationalists may be derived from the wide dissemination of Nazi propaganda in the Union since the advent of Hitler. Last year, Nazi propagandists were so active and their missionary labors so flagrant that General Smuts, then minister of justice, was compelled to use police troops to quell pro-Nazi demonstrations.

The Nationalists are not the most far-sighted of political groups. They howl for independence and for complete separation from Britain, but they are indifferent or uninformed as to whether a Republic of South Africa could survive. Some of them so despise England that they frankly say they want to see Britain defeated, but they are blind to the sufferings they might experience themselves, should Hitler win. It is on the basis of this political myopia that General Hertzog has predicated his "peace policy." It is a policy, obviously, that does not look ahead, and has interest only in the present.

When it is argued that the Union, under Nazi rule, would lose the liberties it enjoys within the British Empire, the typical Nationalist shrugs his shoulders in skepticism. If he replies at all, he says, "We will see." He has a genius for hatred and a lust for revenge. Nevertheless, the Capetown Government tolerates them and their activities and permits the publication of their newspapers where unbridled expression is given to their detestation of England.

The forbearance of the Government is due to the fact that these Nationalist extremists are relatively few in number. Most of the Union's population is solidly behind General Smuts. Of course, there are tens of thousands of Boers who were disgruntled over the political complexion of the Union, but on the outbreak of war they rallied behind General Smuts and reasoned, with manifest logic, that the improvements and reforms they desired certainly could not be achieved under Nazi overlordship. And also it is obvious enough to this middle class that their future economic welfare is irrevocably linked with the ultimate victory of Britain.

This truth rests in the fact that the Union of South Africa stands or falls with the gold standard. If gold is to be abolished, as Hitler threatens, the Union would disintegrate. Without the profitable export of that metal, the Union's trade balance would show a calamitous deficit. The middle class prospers, because of gold; agriculture is generously subsidized, because of gold; the Union's taxes are the lowest in the world, because of gold; its universities and libraries exist, because of gold.

Should a Republic of South Afri-

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ca be established prematurely, economic pandemonium would ensue. Like ripe fruit, the country would fall into the hands of the first invader. It is difficult to see what advantages, other than sentimental, the population would obtain in a republic, for complete independence would not bring the people greater individual liberties than they now possess as a Dominion. But it is indicative of the stubborn streak in certain Nationalist leaders —notably General Hertzog and Dr. D. F. Malan—that they continue to advocate a separate peace with Germany. No other government, in the midst of war, would tolerate the existence of a handful of agitators eloquently preaching the cause of the enemy, certainly not in Nazi Germany, the paradise of the Hertzogites and Malanites.

German War Correspondents

The British press has evidenced some surprise that the names of fallen war correspondents are included in the casualty lists in the German newspapers. They have recognized with apparent astonishment the fact that German propaganda, so reviled by them, has from the first day of the war advocated and put into practice the principle that no one should report on the deeds and achievements of the soldiers at the front who is not himself exposed to the same conditions and dangers as every other man in the forward line. Newsreel men, first in the Polish campaign and later in Norway, achieved the technical and propagandist miracle of enabling a nation of eighty millions to see pictures of these historic happenings only a few days after they took place.

Through the courage of the propaganda unit, an aspect of the Great War has been overcome which at the time deeply embittered the soldiers at the front: namely, that Jewish scribes, from their safe homes, encouraged them to glorious deeds, while they themselves were far from the gunfire.

The National Socialist German Workers' Party has divested political propaganda of its former evil reputation, and has made it an indispensable factor in the modern leadership of a nation. The lying fantasies of a Churchill are in direct opposition to the concise sentences of the German war communiqués, which in their stern, soldierly language have always been accurate.

—Danziger Vorposten

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A New Zealand cartoonist finds a new meaning in the British Commonwealth

Meditation on Westminster

By DAVID LOW

The Listener, Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

THE OTHER day the air-raid siren sounded just as I was about to cross Westminster Bridge. Westminster Bridge is a good 250 yards' sprint with not even a drainpipe for cover if Hitler's perverted pups start to play their games, which is a familiar hazard for Londoners just now. As I walked along, with, I hope, as much dignity as the circumstances allowed, I remembered that Macaulay, the historian, had written a prophetic passage about a future time—a future, that is, so far as he was concerned—when a New Zealander standing on Westminster Bridge would view the ruins of London. Now, I'm a New Zealander myself, and the parallel was striking, except that I was in too much of a hurry to stand and indulge in philosophic contemplation, and in any case quite a lot of London hasn't been ruined. The pigeons still eat out of your hand in Trafalgar Square in the sunshine; St Paul's still looks like an etching in the evening from a bus top (not that I advise you as a general thing to hang about it much in the evening); Piccadilly still is the center of the world and looks like it, although, of course, one may now sometimes have to jump a few barriers to get to it; the Albert Memorial is safe; the Thames hasn't dried up; and the London shops, with very few exceptions, are open as usual—as one placard says in one little shop which has had its front neatly blown out, "More open than ever." London's still the mysterious place where reside history and endless interest.

The things which non-Londoners find interesting about London are a source of wonder to the natives. I'm told that New Zealand soldiers on their first day in London almost without exception ask to be directed to Madame Tussaud's and Buckingham Palace. That amuses me, by the way, because I remember that when I came here the

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first place I myself sought out was Madame Tussaud's. Visitors always seem to want to gape at Westminster Abbey or the Caledonian Market or to poke round the Tower or the British Museum. No Londoner would dream of going to the Tower or the British Museum unless he had to. So far as my own observation takes me, I should say that these institutions are practically supported by visitors. I know East End Londoners who have been to the West End about twice in their lives, and I

Featherstonehaugh

know Londoners of Mayfair who have never been to Limehouse in *their* lives and see no reason why they *ever* should go there. From New Zealand we think of London as a collection of "sights." But to the natives the "sights" are only background, not felt with the same exciting clarity as they are by the strangers seeing them for the first time in reality after, perhaps, a lifetime of sentimental anticipation. Buses, undergrounds, offices, shops are much more the living symbols of the Londoner's daily life—his normal life, I mean. Just at present the living symbols are the underground shelters and the coffee-stalls after an all-night sitting.

Now, about the native Londoner. I'm a cartoonist, and it's part of my business to boil down the characteristics of peoples into convenient symbols. When I began as a cartoonist in New Zealand years ago I used to draw only two sorts of Englishmen—one swell one with buck teeth, top hat, spats and monocle, called Featherstonehaugh or Cholmondeley, who was always saying "Bai Jove!" And one somewhat thicker one with a fat face and cap, that said, "Ow, I Sy!" I pictured them doing stupid things like going out rabbiting in gold suits, or trying to milk cows at the wrong end. All nonsense, perhaps, but acceptable to the view of young New Zealand.

AND the compliment was mutual. For on this side of the world there existed similar misconceptions about "colonials." Many English people thought of New Zealanders and Australians—oblivious of the fact that New Zealand is as far from Australia as Great Britain is from Russia, they lumped us all together—as wild fellows with beards, living a primitive life in the big open spaces, on horses, in red shirts and gumboots; or, when we occasionally turned up in London, as rough diamonds call calling ourselves "squatters" with untold wealth, ripe for the picking of confidence men.

Even now the legend persists that London swindlers make a regular income out of selling Nelson's lions in

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Trafalgar Square to simple-minded visiting Antipodeans. Antipodeans—that's what they call us; though I have often explained that the Antipodes alter in relation to the point of view, and that to New Zealanders the British Isles are the Antipodes. I suspect that most of the later legends about New Zealanders are the aftermath of some pretty strenuous leg-pulling on the part of playful New Zealand troops of the last war. People still recall meeting that handsome young squatter with the prosperous walking-stick plantations in the North Island, for instance. Then again we pay the penalty of our intensive trade propaganda which tends to give the more unthinking Londoners the impression that New Zealand is inhabited almost exclusively by sheep.

Some years ago, when passing New Zealand House in the Strand, I saw a young man and his girl looking at a picture in the window of a group of sheep on Canterbury Plains. Suddenly the maiden burst into tears. "I can't go with you to that lonely place," I heard her say. At this slight on my native heath I interfered and said, "Young woman, do you know that within easy run of that beautiful spot lies a town with twelve cinemas?" That did the trick; that altered her whole view. No town with twelve cinemas could be uncivilized. I have no doubt that in due course they went out and became good New Zealand citizens and lived happily ever afterwards.

The influx of New Zealand troops at the last war cleared up a lot of mistaken ideas; and their presence again in London just now with their cheerful open faces and friendly manners has confirmed the Londoner's view that, after all, they're ordinary decent people like themselves. "Ordinary" and "decent" are trite words. No doubt you have been reading during the past month about the superlative qualities of courage, self-sacrifice and endurance of the inhabitants of London, under this, one of the most searching ordeals of history. Well, it's very gratifying to have the rest of the world swooning with admiration at my fellow-citizens. But if you were here you would find no Londoners putting on airs about it all or making any pretensions to be doing any more than any ordinary decent person would do in the like circumstances. You don't hear anyone foolish enough here to claim that Londoners are better or braver than other people. None of that race-superiority humbug here. This generation of our democracy knows that no people have a monopoly of the excellences, and that there are good men and brave in all countries, not only in Britain and the free Dominions within the British Commonwealth, but in America, China, Russia, France—yes, even in Germany, though you don't hear much from the good men in that country nowadays, hunted, persecuted, imprisoned and shot as they are. Despite the totalitarian precision with which dictators generalize upon the peculiar attributes of race and nation, allocating all the virtues to themselves and all the vices to everybody else, there are among all peoples the noble, the kindly, the generous, as well as the mean, the cruel, the pitiless. Pitiless—dreadful word. If, by the way, anything further were needed to refute

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Hitler's pretensions, it is that his Nazis still find material for their persecution of pity in their precious New Order in which charity to a suffering old Jewish woman or a kind word tossed to an enslaved Pole are offences earning the concentration camp or the lash. It is the strength of Londoners today that they are the head and forefront of the ordinary decent people everywhere, the representatives of ordinary decency throughout the world in the defense of the simple humanities.

THE Nazis hold otherwise, of course. They propagate the lie that this is a war of imperialism, in which the wicked British Empire fights only to keep its winnings. They constantly seek to segregate us nationally. They would love us to work up to a good old bombastic jingo mood, matching our boasts against their boasts and imitating their fatuous national pride. They want us to scream about our race superiority,

—*Svenska Dagbladet*, Stockholm

our John Bull, our Britannia, because that would justify one of their fundamental denials of progress; for they deny that the progress of humanity can grow otherwise than upon the basis of a narrow, arrogant nationalism; and that the love of a people for their native land can show itself otherwise than in crude selfishness and pride in the destruction of others. That is what these fools call patriotism. There is a different conception of patriotism. The kind held by people who believe that the final outcome and consummation of the noblest thoughts is in producing as many as possible full-breathed, bright-eyed and happy-hearted human creatures. They would wish the people of their countries to excel, not by depressing others below their own level, but by example, raising all to higher standards of well-being.

This is the faith of the hopeful ones.

The economic and social problems of the present day are pretty formidable, and they haven't been made easier by blundering stupidity and frustration in the past. The hopeful ones obstinately hope to solve them in an orderly fashion, without sacrifice of the measure of freedom, dignity and responsibility humanity has already won, but on the contrary, with its increase. Against them they have those who would deny all this hope and who demand that the world give up the struggle, accept defeat and resign its manhood to their so-called New Order, New Economics, New Efficiency. New Order! The oldest order in the world, the order of the master and the slave. New Economics! The economics of perpetual war. New Efficiency! Effi-

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ciency in what? The production of human misery?

That's what this war is all about, I think: why the British Commonwealth is at war, why London is a battleground, why there are so many young New Zealanders about, and why I have to hurry when I cross Westminster Bridge. As I walk off I pass on my right an enormous statue of Boadicea looking like Winston Churchill in night attire driving a couple of stone horses against invading legions 2,000 years ago. To my left is the delicate filigree edifice—an edifice, please, not a building—of Parliament, the House of Commons, the symbol of our struggle for the common man, our unremitting striving toward orderly growth to the fuller life down the centuries. Before it the statue of Cromwell, the middle-class Englishman who didn't like stupid tyranny and so he got up and kicked it out. And so across the road, from where down Whitehall I can see on his column Nelson, the captain who disposed of the last swell-headed despot who tried to invade Britain. I won't pretend that I would be unmoved, but I should not consider London dead if these monuments were all blasted off the face of the earth. These are sticks and stones, symbols of realities in the souls of men. The realities are proof against bombs and can only be destroyed by our people themselves. But I should think London worse than dead were it, like another great city across the Channel, to buy immunity for its body at the expense of its soul. Woe to such a city; for its walls will be a reproach to it forever and the monuments of its fathers will sneer. This fate is not likely to happen to London. Londoners are tough.

TO THOSE of you who may be worrying about us, let me tell you of one old lady of Stepney. She had her house blown up over her head. After having been extricated and given the cup of tea which is the British comforter in all emergencies, she was asked how she felt. She replied, "All right. Just a bit shook." That, I think, puts the London of this day and hour completely. "All right. Just a bit shook."

China—Land of Ancient Wisdom

China has not been called the Land of Ancient Wisdom for nothing. Two neighboring restaurants were in constant competition with each other. After a while it got tiresome, and the two proprietors met over a cup of tea to resolve the situation. They decided to merge. Wr. Wong took over the management of Mr. Tong's restaurant, and Mr. Tong took over the management of Mr. Wong's restaurant.

Now Mr. Tong rejoices when he sees a customer going into the restaurant next door. The same with Mr. Wong.

—Dr. Walter Dawison in *Gelbe Post*, Shanghai

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Straws in the Wind

Cost Accounting

The young author brought his attractive wife to the party, and received the congratulations of his host. "Your wife looks wonderful; her dress is a poem."

"A poem? You're mistaken, sir. It represents sixteen poems, four short stories and half a dozen radio gags."

—*Die Weltwoche*, Zurich

Gone Aloft

(It is pointed out that restrictions on the sale of silk, in order that it may be used for barrage balloons and other military purposes, apply not only to stockings but to all garments for both sexes, from silk ties to underwear.)

Whenas in silk the barrage goes
(Forgive a touch of Herrick),
How odd to think that Julia's hose
Go sailing up in shapes like those
To regions atmospheric!

Above the roofs, aloft in space,
The monster soars, well wadded;
It fills, I know, a useful place,
But rather lacks the lustrous grace
That Julia's legs embodied.

And, mark you, when from field or croft
It dares the wind-borne rockings,
It bears full many a garment soft—
There's rather more that's gone aloft
Than simply Julia's stockings.

How strange the booty and how droll
When up the monster flickers;
Under revised, A. A. control
Rides Sister Susie's camisole
And possibly her knickers.

Aye, worse than that is writ on high
In war's new drifting dramas;
For there suspended in the sky
Hangs Cousin Ernest's old school tie
And Uncle Ned's pyjamas.

—"Lucio" in the *Manchester Guardian*

Cold Comfort

In these times one finds it curiously comforting to remember that it is still possible to be killed by falling over a dog's lead, stepping on a non-existent stair, being run over, pricking a finger on the bristles of a stiff broom, sleeping over a coke fire, choking on a fish bone or falling off a horse. All these accidents, I discover on ringing up a statistical bureau, have recently occurred.

—Stanley Baron in the *News Chronicle*, London

Impeccable Reference

Employer: Why do you insist that I get a reference from the prison warden?

Applicant: He's the only man who knows I've stolen nothing for a period of two years.

—*Argentinisches Tageblatt*, Buenos Aires

Science Marches On

Poultry have been laying well on sawdust, fed to them as an experiment by Mr. C. A. Arbuthnot of Hayling Island. The hens did not fulfill the traditional joke by laying doorknobs, but produced satisfactory eggs on what is, after all, a vegetable fiber. Mr. Arbuthnot found that the sawdust gave the birds a tremendous thirst, but they got over this after about a fortnight.

—*Japan Chronicle*

Glamour Girls

An officer in the W.A.A.F. was surprised to learn that her detachment at one of the biggest R.A.R. stations in the country prefer going for a route march to playing hockey or netball.

The explanation of this preference, so much opposed to the ideas of the male soldier, is essentially feminine. It is, says the officer, the glamour the girls feel they achieve by marching in a body and being

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stared at as they pass through the villages.

"Can we go for a march if we do extra well today, ma'am?" is a frequent request.

—*Evening Standard*, London

Palestine's Reward

Only when the flag of Fascist and Catholic Italy is unfurled over Christ's Sepulchre will the Holy Land have received the veneration it deserves.

—Monsignore Navarra,
Bishop of Terracina, Italy

Shelter Fifth Column

I am glad that the Westminster City Council is experimenting on the question of infection in shelters. I read on the tape yesterday afternoon that—I quote literally:

"The Medical Officer of Health of Westminster City Council, working in conjunction with noted scientists, is completing experiments which it is believed will enable an antiseptic, non-irritating solution to be projected into shelters in a fine mist so that any Germans likely to cause infections such as colds, influenza, scarlet fever and shelter throat can be rendered harmless."

—Lord Petersborough in the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London

Impeccable Logic

At Middlesbrough Police Court yesterday, a solicitor, asking for excuse from attendance of a client, said: "In the first place, he is a man of not very bright intellect. Secondly, he is employed on important Government work."

—*Newcastle Journal*, England

The Anachronistic Ida

C. Ida Desborough, Gerrards Cross, Bucks, urges people to plant oaks in every available space for the sake of our future Navy.

—*Daily Sketch*, London

Titled Kindness

I have not met a girl who does not treasure the memory of the few words spoken personally by the Chief Controller on her innumerable tours round the depots; and leave us also our titled women in high places, or the milk of human kindness will dry up.

—Letter in *News Review*, London

Sequitur

What is Christianity? It is the religion of Christ—long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, temperance, justice, kindness; "against such there is no law." I would in the first place use our Air Force to bomb Berlin thoroughly and continuously until it lay in ruins.

—Correspondent in the *Glasgow Herald*

War Realism in Quebec

I assure you that if our province receives its fair share of Dominion war enterprises, you will soon find out that the Frenchmen of Quebec are most loyal subjects, always ready to fight to the last man.

—Mayor Napoleon Courtemanche,
quoted in the Montreal *Gazette*

No Word From Buick?

Some time ago a certain German film star visited Hollywood. One day she encountered a famous Hollywood director, and bent upon impressing him with the great achievement in the German Film Industry, she announced proudly: "Do you know that we have just produced a film with a cast of 30,000?"

"Oh, that's nothing," replied the American; "we have often made films with casts of 50,000."

The German film star was a bit taken aback and fell silent. After her return to Germany, she mentioned the incident to Hitler. The Führer was very annoyed with her. "Why," he exclaimed, "the answer was obvious; you should have simply told him: In Germany we are making *Les Miserables* with a cast of 80,000,000!"

—*France*, London

He's in For It

Sailor: "Do you think this Hitler bloke stands any chance o' gettin' wot he's out for?"

Soldier: "No, but he stands a bloomin' good chance o' gettin' wot he's in for."

—*Cape Argus*, Capetown

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The Nazis have bungled every effort to make the nation accept occupation

Hitler Has Not Conquered Norway

By MARJORIE MCFARLAND

HITLER'S plans for the "New Order" in Europe include extension of the Axis literally to the North Pole. Through Quisling, he has offered the Norwegians partnership and a glorious future *lebensraum* consisting of the North Sea, its islands and shores.

According to the Basle *National-Zeitung*: "Major Quisling's articles in the German weekly, *Das Reich*, in which he explains that the Rome-Berlin Axis has been prolonged to Oslo and that Norway, not only in strategical but also in political conceptions, occupies the key position for the whole North, a position which must be taken into proper consideration when the New Order of Europe is finally established, have caused considerable sensation in political circles in Sweden. Stockholm newspapers report from Oslo that it is obvious that Quisling has received positive promises from authoritative German sources referring to the position of Norway after the war, the consequences of which cannot be calculated at present. . . . The Norwegian Minister of Information declared recently in a speech that Norway will occupy a leading position in the North when the Norwegian *lebensraum* is realized. He further explained that the Norwegians who have immigrated to America in the last few decades should return to Norway to occupy their due place in this *lebensraum*. Whether the Norwegians will follow this invitation to return to their homeland under the present circumstances may be problematical, according to the Stockholm press." However, to accommodate this "problematical" increase of several hundred thousand, the *National-Zeitung* concludes that Hitler must have promised Quisling Iceland, Greenland, the Faroe Islands, probably the Shetland Islands, and other territory in the Arctic.

Hitler's appeasement policy toward

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Norway, in general, is in striking contrast with his treatment of such "inferior" peoples as the Poles and the Czechs. After all, the Norwegians can lay claim to being rather more Nordic than the Germans themselves, but probably a more cogent reason than anthropology is that a co-operative Norway would be much more useful to the Reich than a sullen, antagonistic one. At any rate, civil administrators and the military occupation were directed to treat the Norwegians with consideration and to try to coax them into liking nazism. Unfortunately for the success of this policy, the Germans have had little recent experience of such methods, and neither is Nazi egotism compatible with imaginative understanding of the feelings of a conquered people.

The first blunder was the demand that the Storting (Parliament) itself depose King Haakon. The Norwegians, who had never been conspicuously monarchistic, immediately discovered a deep love for their King. Another affront was to forbid the celebration of May 17, Norwegian National Day, except for showings in the cinema houses of films of the German occupation of Norway. By late summer, the apathetic despair of the Spring had turned into active hatred of the whole Nazi concept. Writing in the London *Times* in November, Jacob S. Worm-Müller, Professor of History at Oslo University, adviser to the Nobel Institute and editor of the monthly political and literary review, *Samtiden*, told of some of the factors which contributed to this change:

"For one thing, Norwegians in the capital were impressed by the knowledge that England was standing firm. Increasing optimism was helped by the unimpressive German attempts at embarkation for the invasion of England, and the view took root that Germans in Norway were getting sick of their invasion plans.

"I saw some of the exercises on the coast, elaborate in preparation and with a goodly number of horses as well as men. They were undoubtedly marred by mutinies here and there, for the soldiers soon objected to being crowded into the holds of fishing craft, covered with nets and wire netting, just like pigs in a cart going off to market, and then being taken for trips on the restless sea. This huddled live freight became sick, time after time, no matter how often the experiments were repeated, and the smaller fishing craft had to be abandoned as unsuitable for invasion purposes. Whether the whole idea of an expedition from Norway has been given up cannot be said; but we gained the firm impression that German soldiers in Norway feared the turbulent British waves.

"Norway as a whole has grown to believe the reports sent out from London, and in this process the Germans were helpful, for men on the spot saw how German claims distorted the known facts which concerned Norway. Though many of the British reports during the Norwegian campaign were faulty and hampered faith in the British cause, by the time I left the country in the first half of October this had been corrected and it could be said that the hopes of most people had de-

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veloped into belief in a coming British victory. The Germans had missed their opportunity. In July they had a chance of winning us over by playing on the sore theme that Britain had left us in the lurch. But they went about it in the wrong way, they could not resist the impulse to assail our King. It had become clear, too, that they were plundering our country on a terrible scale. In one week they took 60,000,000 Norwegian kronen ($15,000,000) from the Bank of Norway. And the German soldiers were visibly becoming fatter. They were getting our eggs, butter and other nutritious produce, while it was ever more difficult for our housewives to obtain the food to which they were accustomed. By the time I left there was no real food distress in Norway, but the outlook is black. And we had to pay more and more taxes."

AT THE beginning, the Germans found responsible Norwegian leaders willing to deal with them, to make many concessions in the hope of being able to ward off a German administration or a Quisling régime. But as time went on the Storting became less and less amenable to arrogant German demands, so the total nazification of Norway was finally decreed. On September 25, the German Commissioner, Josef Terboven, announced the dethronement of the King and the dissolution of all political parties except the pro-Nazi Nasjonal Samling. Its leader, Major Vidkun Quisling, the notorious prototype of fifth columnists, was brought back from Germany where he had been tactfully kept out of sight for several months. Norwegian editors were sent a questionnaire from the Ministry of Propaganda asking them whether they were prepared to support the new régime in their papers. They were told that, "of course, nobody will be forced to write against his convictions," but that those not in agreement would have to leave their jobs. Some solved the problem by simply not discussing political matters; others found that they could defend the new Government.

According to Professor Worm-Müller, "Unpopular in April, by September he [Quisling] had come to be a laughing-stock," and his party, for all its rise to power, has not increased its membership and still includes only about 2 per cent of the population. Even this small group seems to be divided within itself on its plans for Norway. One party organ, the *Folketanken*, published an article, believed to be a feeler inspired by the German Commissioner, proposing that Norway become a German protectorate. (It is their thesis, of course, that the German occupation is for the purpose of protecting the country against a British invasion.) Quisling, himself, has assured the people that Norway will be "truly independent" and another Nasjonal Samling journal, the *Hirdmannen*, wrote: "When the *Folketanken* mentions a protectorate, it damages our cause with our German kinsmen. As National Socialists, we believe in the honesty of German intentions."

Norwegian dissatisfaction with German protection is likely to increase as the winter progresses, according to reports in the *Swenska Dagbladet* of Stockholm, and Norwegians would be

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likely to have more faith in the "honesty of German intentions" and interest in the *lebensraum* to come, if the reserves of fish and potatoes on which they were counting to see them through had not been shipped off to Germany. War damage has been found to be larger than was originally estimated; a loan of 50,000,000 kronen ($12,500,000) raised for the restoration of destroyed factories, roads, farm buildings, etc., amounted to little more than first aid. The Swedish Red Cross is trying to help, but transportation is still so difficult that it is impossible to get supplies in to many districts, even when they are available. Because of unfavorable weather last Summer, there is a hay shortage—very serious in a dairy country—and the Department of Agriculture campaigned to get the farmers to use leaves as a substitute. Even so, a great many head of cattle will have to be slaughtered before Spring. One of the most urgent problems is shelter for the 30,000 Norwegians who were made homeless by the invasion. The Swedish Red Cross has shipped in some wooden houses and the Germans themselves have sixteen factories at work producing others. Clothing is rationed, though the authorities say that there is not a serious shortage of necessary articles.

THE Nazis naturally blame all shortages on the wicked British blockade, which prevents the importation of supplies from the United States, but this does not go down very well with the Norwegians, since the blockade did not apply to them until after the German invasion. As the Swedish newspaper, *Karlstads Tidningen*, remarked: "One cannot burden the other party in a war with one's own responsibility. Such actions are not the best way to strengthen friendly feelings for the occupying power which plays the role of military protector."

Besides food, Germany has also preempted the lumber surplus, amounting to about 1,000,000 cubic meters (42,377,000,000 board feet), which piled up when the war cut off Norway's normal exports, as well as large supplies of cellulose, wood pulp and paper.

The Germans are undertaking elaborate public works of the kind which have military value. The harbor of Trondheim is to be enlarged at a cost of 6,000,000 kronen ($1,500,000) and its railroad facilities are to be increased at a cost of several millions. The first year-round highway between Oslo and Trondheim has been completed; it is a wide road, excellently adapted for transport of troops and equipment between the two cities. Work on the completion of the Nordlands rail connection between Mo and Mosöen has been speeded up, and 6,000 men were employed in the building of Norway's largest railway bridge which is one of the links of this route. Plans are also under way for greatly increased utilization of Norwegian water power for the generation of electricity. This is intended to supply Denmark as well as Norway and—perhaps the most grandiose scheme of all—Germany itself by means of a submarine cable traversing the Skagerrak.

The catch in all these projects is that fifth columns can work both ways. An ominous incident—from the Ger-

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man point of view—was the landslides in Western Norway at the end of November which were attributed to sabotage. The Oslo-Bergen Railway was disrupted in ten places and the Rikshighway along the Hardanger and Eids fjords was badly damaged. As this demonstrated, Norway is particularly well adapted to successful sabotage, for her mountains and fjords make it easy to interfere with transportation systems by damage at only a few judiciously selected points. If Norwegians in general become more actively rebellious as time passes, extensive application of the methods taught them by the Nazis and by their own Quisling may be expected.

Gettysburg Address, British Version

Four score years and five ago our forefathers let loose upon this country the Civil Service, conceived in obstructionism and dedicated to the proposition that all the people are created idiots.

Now we are engaged in a great Departmental war, testing whether that Service, or any Service so conceived and so Dedicated, can long endure, We have begun to set aside a great portion of our Department as a snug resting place for those who crowd here that the Civil Service may live.

It is altogether normal and typical that we should do this.

Of course, in a larger sense, we cannot organize, we cannot plan, we cannot operate the Department. These brave bureaucrats, living and dead, with whom we struggle here have sabotaged it far beyond our poor power to add or detract.

It is for us, the volunteers, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished muddle which our Civil Service colleagues have thus far so nobly advanced.

It is for us rather to be here dedicated to the greater muddle remaining before us: that from these dead hands we take increased devotion to that red tape to which they give the last full measure of devotion.

That we here highly resolve that their sabotage shall not have been in vain—that this nation, under Horace [Sir Horace Wilson, head of the British civil service], shall have a new dose of Appeasement—and that the government of the Civil Service, by the Civil Service, for the Civil Service shall give Hitler the earth.

—Marquess of Donegal, quoted in *Sunday Dispatch*, London.

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Control of the 'Mediterranean of Asia' means future mastery of the whole world

Anglo-American Far Eastern Policy

By KUMATARO HONDA

Contemporary Japan, Tokyo Political and Economic Monthly

UNSOPHISTICATED Japanese have a partiality for wishful thinking in international politics, though this failing is not a monopoly of the Japanese alone. A survey of the vicissitudes of relations between Japan, Great Britain and the United States since the first World War shows that Britain and America as well as Japan have fallen an easy victim to it. The prevailing *impasse* in their relations has been caused by a series of incidents, punctuated with short-lived understandings. The Japanese first thought that the Soviet Union was behind China in its conflict with their country. With the development of military operations in China, however, acts of obstruction, openly committed by British authorities and nationals against the Japanese forces, cast suspicion upon Great Britain. The armed clash between Japan and China was indeed an inevitable outcome of policies consistently pursued by Great Britain since the latter half of 1935 or, to be more exact, since the visit of Sir Robert Leith-Ross to China, which resulted in Great Britain's success in carrying out China's currency reform to her own advantage. Great Britain regards Chiang Kai-shek as a great leader who has succeeded in unifying the so-called Republic. She desires to help China, as unified by Chiang Kai-shek, become a modern state in an effort to make it a bulwark against Japan's advance to the Asiatic Continent. An implication to that effect was made by the late Neville Chamberlain, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, in an address, delivered in October 1931. The assistance extended to Chiang Kai-shek is a manifestation of Britain's deep-rooted national policy, not sentimentalism or a local clash of interests.

This was not appreciated by unsophisticated Japanese. Even many persons in politics were not aware of it. But now even the unsophisticated have

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come to see that Britain's anti-Japanese policy toward China is deep-rooted and in complete discord with the policy Japan is pursuing.

The American Government in its notes to the Tokyo Government has charged Japan with violations of the Nine-Power Treaty and the Anti-War Pact. As pointed out by some Japanese, America is apt to take a legalistic view of the situation, because of her lack of understanding of Far Eastern affairs. It is contended by them that heart-to-heart talks with America will eventually result in her understanding Japan's position, though Britain would seem incorrigible. Both the Japanese people and Government have been victims of such wishful thinking, whereas Great Britain and the United States have a common position and policy in the China affair.

When hostilities started between Japan and China, the Japanese Government issued a statement—an unsolicited declaration—pledging its respect for the rights and interests of third powers in China. The British Government responded by addressing an official note to the Japanese Government, demanding compensation for any damage suffered by Great Britain and British nationals as a result of Japanese military operations. A few days later, identical notes were sent to the Japanese Government by France and the United States.

At that time, Captain Anthony Eden, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, stated in the House of Commons that it was extremely fortunate in the Sino-Japanese conflict that the British Government was keeping in constant touch with the United States, taking parallel, if not joint, action with the latter. In the China affair, the Anglo-American positions and views are identical. Great Britain has strenuously endeavored since the very beginning of hostilities to involve the United States in the affair or to influence the American Government and people on her behalf. Such an analysis may offend most Americans, but it has been the national policy of Great Britain to win over the United States to her side, to secure American co-operation in all her vital international issues, to involve the United States in all important international complications, and, if possible, to make the United States take the foremost place, by casting away her own traditional isolation.

CO-OPERATION and joint action between the two countries have never been so well achieved as at the Washington Conference. The Conference resulted in the termination of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which had so displeased the United States. Japan was bound by the Nine-Power Treaty. She was forced to waive all her claims to interests in Shantung, which had been recognized by the Versailles Peace Treaty. Under the supervision of Great Britain and the United States a subsequent conference was held between Japan and China at Washington, with the result that Japan was compelled to return Shantung outright to China. Furthermore, Japan was tied down to an inferior naval ratio of 5 : 5 : 3.

Great Britain realized it was impossible to protect her vast territorial and economic interests in the Far East or

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east of the Suez single-handed, even before the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-5. Hence, her conclusion of an alliance with Japan. After the termination of the Russo-Japanese War, which ended in a signal victory for Japan, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was still necessary to Great Britain for securing her Empire's defense against Germany. After the war, Japan entered into a convention with Russia. In 1907, Great Britain followed suit.

Sir Edward Grey, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, when the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was renewed for the third time in 1911, told Baron Kato, Japanese Ambassador, that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was not so popular as before, but it was very useful in Great Britain's defense against Germany, so Great Britain was extremely agreeable to its renewal, by revising its provisions so as to conform with the new situation before its term expired. The new situation, as referred to, concerned relations between Great Britain and the United States. And it was the intention of Great Britain to revise the provisions of the Alliance so as to free her from obligations as an ally in case Japan came into an armed clash with America.

Great Britain had hitherto protected her vast territorial and economic interests in India, Australia, New Zealand and the Pacific mainly by means of her alliance with Japan and to some extent by diplomatic operations based on friendly relations with the United States. During the first World War, a Japanese naval detachment proceeded as far as the Mediterranean Sea to protect British shipping. But still Britain sacrificed the alliance with Japan for co-operation with the United States, which she regarded as essential for maintaining her national existence in view of a change in the world situation.

Great Britain is still ready to sacrifice Japan's interests in order to secure co-operation with the United States. She is driving hard for joint action with America, which she now finds is absolutely necessary not only in the Far Eastern question but in world issues.

THE United States, however, is somewhat shy of this vigorous British approach. America does not have such a large interest in the Far East as Great Britain. To be sure, it is the fixed policy of the United States since her war with Spain in 1898-99, which resulted in her acquisition of the Philippines, to advance there, but her Far Eastern interests are comparatively small and to many do not warrant the assumption of unnecessary obligations across the Pacific Ocean.

American investments in China, including the property of missionaries, barely comes to $200,000,000, one-tenth of British investments. The United States thus takes a strong legalistic position, but she possesses no large material interests in China to defend. American interest in the Far Eastern question is based on ideals, with an eye to future developments. Great Britain is realistic, as she desires to maintain her large interests in the Far East. It is obvious that she is defending these interests against Japan, whom she regards as her hypo-

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thetical foe in the Far East. Japan is a formidable rival in British eyes. Even during the Manchurian incident, the British were inclined to rely on America. At the meetings of the League of Nations, Sir John Simon, Britain's chief delegate, was evasive at every crucial moment. He was anxious to find a meeting-ground with Japan, so that he took a lukewarm attitude toward the question. When economic sanctions were proposed against Japan during the League discussions, Great Britain failed to support them on the ground that the United States would not give her support. On a later occasion, Foreign Secretary Eden admitted that Great Britain was not in a position to support economic sanctions against Japan, because the two great nations interested in the Far East were not resolute enough and in a position to enforce such a measure in connection with the Manchurian incident.

Ave Caesar, fugituri te salutant!
—*Le Jour*, Montreal

Through a realization of her weakness in the Far East, Great Britain is eager that the United States protect her interests there.

During the Manchurian incident, Lloyd George and General Smuts made memorable addresses, advocating the vital necessity of co-operation between Great Britain and the United States. Stanley Baldwin, then Prime Minister, on one occasion went to the length of declaring that peace in any part of the world could be safeguarded, if the two powers joined together.

Such appeals from British statesmen failed to elicit any favorable response from the United States, which had an unpleasant remembrance of the lukewarm attitude taken by Great Britain in the early stages of the Manchurian incident, contrary to American wishes.

The situation between the two powers, however, has presented an entirely different picture since the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese conflict. The United States has fallen in line with Great Britain, who on her part has done everything possible in her power to involve America in the China affair in order to restrain Japan in accordance with her China policy, vigorously pursued since 1935. President Roosevelt apparently takes more easily to British ideology and propaganda than Woodrow Wilson did.

In short, Great Britain has achieved a fair success in forming a joint Anglo-American front against Japan. The general public has failed to appreciate this fully. Even now there is a considerable animosity toward Britain in Japan, but, singularly enough, no patriotic organization or association ad-

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vocating vigorous diplomacy has ever adopted such a stiff attitude toward America. Some Japanese are still laboring under the notion that the United States may be alienated from Great Britain or that a definite split may occur in their joint camp.

In this connection, it must be noted that neither Great Britain nor the United States has ever made a secret of what they wanted in their policies toward the Far East. Secret diplomacy does not prevail in those two countries. Look at British newspapers or discussions in the Houses of Lords and Commons, and the policies and attitude of Great Britain will be clearly seen. So it is with the United States to an even greater extent. From the very beginning of the Sino-Japanese conflict, the United States has brought continuous pressure to bear upon Japan. But no form of pressure has been enforced without notice. The American abrogation of the 1911 Treaty of Commerce and Navigation was described here as a surprise measure taken without notice, but if one had read American newspapers, the American action could easily be foreseen.

In terminating this treaty, the United States was actuated by the desire to ban exports of war materials to Japan with a view to rendering it impossible for her to keep up military operations in China, because the United States believed that Japan had been dependent upon her for the supply of her war materials. Senator Key Pittman, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, who represented the Administration, first introduced an anti-Japanese war materials embargo bill in the Senate, which, however, was opposed by Senator Vandenberg, a Republican leader, as a violation of the Commercial Treaty with Japan. Expert opinion in the State Department was in favor of a resolution for denunciation of the Treaty of Commerce and Navigation.

THESE circumstances were not known to Japan, where strong desire was voiced for the conclusion of a commercial *modus vivendi* with the United States. It was a foregone conclusion, however, that the United States would never enter into such an arrangement as would defeat the aim of the abrogation of the Commercial Treaty.

It must be noted, too, that America's action was also designed as a demonstration against Great Britain's alleged submission to Japan in the Tientsin issue, whereas the Tientsin arrangement was not an agreement at all, but a mere formula, as pointed out by the late Prime Minister Chamberlain in the House of Commons. The Arita-Craigie formula, which was reached in July 1939, recognized that large-scale military operations are being conducted in China and that the Japanese forces find it necessary to take certain measures for their own safety in the occupied areas. This formula did not recognize Japan's belligerent rights as stipulated by international law, nor did it affect Great Britain's pro-Chiang policy at all. Even after the conclusion of the Arita-Craigie formula, Great Britain continued extending financial assistance to the Chiang Kai-shek régime, as evidenced by the active traffic which has been going on along the Burma

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route since the Tokyo conference of July 1939. Nevertheless, some Japanese rejoiced over the Anglo-Japanese arrangement which they regarded as a diplomatic victory, while the American and British press denounced it as a Far Eastern Munich. The bitter tone of press comments stirred the American Government to action. The result was the abrogation of the Treaty of Commerce and Navigation. A member of the British Embassy staff in Tokyo is reported to have regretted that the American action had come two weeks too late, according to an article published in Britain. The British official apparently implied that Great Britain would not have made such a concession as the Tientsin formula if the United States had denounced her Commercial Treaty with Japan a fortnight before. Every time Great Britain has made a concession evidently in favor of Japan, the United States has stiffened her attitude.

A few months before the outbreak of the war in Europe, the United States made a gesture toward the European powers, to impress them that she would hold Japan in check should hostilities occur in Europe. Since war started in Europe, the United States has persistently looked upon any concession granted Japan by European powers, including Great Britain, with disfavor, and has urged Great Britain, France and others to go ahead with their joint punitive expedition against Germany, with implied assurances that there would be no occasion for worry about Japan.

The first action which the United States took in this direction was, as mentioned before, her denunciation of the Treaty of Commerce and Navigation. When France entered into an arrangement with Japan for the closure of the French Indo-China route, Great Britain was obliged to follow suit, by closing the Burma road for three months, from July 18, in view of the sudden turn of the European situation. The United States was chagrined at the alleged weak-kneed attitude of Great Britain and France, and, taking advantage of the heavy shock dealt the world, including the United States, by Germany's brilliant blitzkrieg, President Roosevelt launched his gigantic rearmament program which called for a 70 per cent increase in American naval strength within six years, in addition to the naval-building plans already approved, an expansion of the army and navy air forces to 40,000 or 50,000 planes, and the organization of a standing army of 2,000,000. It must be remembered that her rearmament serves to bring pressure upon Japan.

LEGISLATION has been enacted by the United States for conserving national resources by enforcing a license system for exports of aviation gasoline, high-grade heavy oil for making aviation gasoline, tetraethyl lead, iron, steel and scrap iron and steel. This legislation has been effective since August 1. It is ultimately intended to bring economic pressure on Japan in such a way as to render it impossible for her to continue military operations in China. If the situation continues, Japan must be prepared for a total ban on all American exports of not only aviation gasoline and ordinary gaso-

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line but petroleum as well. Thus the more pressure Japan brings to bear upon Great Britain, the stiffer will be the American attitude toward Japan.

The Anglo-American front against Japan is not limited to the China affair alone, but is also extended to the South Seas question. Germany's successful blitzkrieg in Europe has imparted a powerful impetus to Japan's southward policy, which, in the eyes of Great Britain and the United States, has been deliberately pursued by taking advantage of Great Britain's difficult position.

The intelligent classes of the United States have long seen the relations between the United States and Great Britain in a correct light. They have appreciated the strength of the British fleet which has enabled the United States to maintain the Monroe Doctrine. With the Atlantic dominated by the British fleet, the United States is in a position to send all her naval forces to the Pacific to bring pressure against Japan and even to menace Japan with the possibility of transoceanic operations. In assisting Great Britain, the United States has so far been animated by kinship, mingled with ideas of justice and chivalry. Now, however, an entirely different idea stimulates the United States to action for the sake of Great Britain. Germany conquered France in less than a month, with the result that even the British Isles are now in imminent danger. Should the British fleet fall into Germany's hands, it would seal the fate of not only Great Britain, but of the United States. Both the American Government and people have now fully realized that the United States and Great Britain are bound to stand or fall together.

Great Britain is fully prepared to sacrifice everything to save herself. Even if the European war ends in a victory for Great Britain, the British Government will be in the hands of the working classes, rather than men of high class or the intelligentsia as in the past. Just as Winston Churchill has handed over leadership at home to the Labor party, he will hand over leadership of the Anglo-Saxon Empire to the United States, which, forming a scion of the Anglo-Saxon family, as it were, has grown stronger and richer than Great Britain. For the past several centuries, Great Britain has been mistress of the world, but she is now prepared to acknowledge American leadership in the envisaged Anglo-Saxon bloc, one of the four blocs, into which the world is likely to be divided.

The United States flatters herself that she must be leader of the Anglo-Saxon bloc. The Americans contend that totalitarianism, as represented by Germany and Italy, is a morbid phenomenon, because the true aspect of European civilization lies in liberalism and democracy, democratic government and free economy. It is further contended that the struggle now going on in Europe is not a war, but a revolution. From such an ideological viewpoint, the envisioned Anglo-American union is not limited to a joint front between Britain and America in the China question, but on the contrary is extended to the entire world situation. The United States may thus attempt to protect the vast British territorial and economic interests not only

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in the Straits Settlements and the Netherlands East Indies, but throughout the entire Pacific area east of the Suez, by using Hongkong, Singapore, Australia and New Guinea as naval air bases jointly with Great Britain.

Should the British Government flee to Canada, failing to defend the home country before the German onslaught, the British fleet would not surrender to Germany or be scuttled. Recently a number of British islands in the Atlantic were leased to the United States for ninety-nine years as naval and air bases, while the American Government has entered into joint defense arrangements with Canada. It would thus appear that the British fleet will undertake to defend the Atlantic, while the Pacific will be left to the defense of the American fleet. Should the British fleet be compelled to flee from the British Isles, however, the writer has a presentiment that its main force will move to Singapore instead of seeking refuge in Canadian ports, for in Europe there is no German navy sufficiently strong to meet the British fleet, while the Italian navy has not succeeded as yet in securing mastery of the Mediterranean.

BOTH Great Britain and the United States now think they feel a direct menace from Japan's southward advance. They fear that Japan may attempt to create a Greater East Asiatic sphere of common existence and prosperity, including not only French Indo-China, but the Netherlands East Indies, British Malaya, other British possessions in the South Seas and even Australia. Should Japan be successful in this, they fear that she would set up an imperialistic bloc, far greater than any ever established, for that part of the world produces all resources necessary for modern powers, including oil, tin, rubber, iron and bauxite.

One of the writer's friends calls that part of the globe the "Mediterranean of Asia." Europe has an old saying that any country which has obtained mastery of the Mediterranean will become mistress of Europe. The "Mediterranean of Asia" lies at the confluence of the Pacific and the Indian Oceans, surrounded by continents and groups of islands, which are rich in natural resources. The writer's friend believes that any power which has dominated the "Mediterranean of Asia" will become mistress not only of Asia but of the whole world. The writer himself also subscribes to this view. No wonder that the Japanese people are so much interested in their southward advance, which both Great Britain and the United States are making frantic efforts to thwart. It should be remembered, too, that, with the exception of Singapore, there is no naval port in the British Empire, excluding the British Isles, large enough to accommodate the largest fleet in the world. This consideration alone will be a strong inducement for the British fleet to concentrate at Singapore rather than flee to Canada.

It is because of these world-wide considerations that Japan views with something more than casual interest the Anglo-American union now in process of formation. Indeed, time and circumstances have brought Japan to a great turning point in her history.

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Its military budget reaches a new high, but Kremlin intentions are still secret

The Enigmatic Soviet Union

By R.E.S.
Weltwoche, Zurich

ONCE again the Russians have stamped a hermetical seal over the export of news from the U.S.S.R. and, although that nation is not at war, its censorship surpasses even that imposed by the belligerents. The outside world receives no letters, telegrams, cables or telephone calls that are not approved by the censors.

Some years ago, prosperous American newspapers employed the device of sending special correspondents into the Soviet Union. During the duration of their assignment at Moscow, their cables back home were more or less innocuous, but they did employ their time in making careful studies of existing conditions, and they published their findings once they had left the U.S.S.R. Of course, this meant that the correspondent could not return to Russia, and it also meant that the correspondent's newspaper could not get another visa for a substitute correspondent.

But even this dodge can no longer be employed. Since the outbreak of war in Europe, the journalist who wants to get into the Soviet Union must first demonstrate that his "ideology" is "unobjectionable" to the Kremlin, and in addition must submit evidence that his employer-newspaper is sympathetic to the Soviet régime.

The upshot is that the only news of the Soviet Union comes today from returning travellers. While their reports may be colored slightly by reason of individual bias, nevertheless they furnish at least some background. With the aid of the Soviet newspapers, bolstered by the Moscow radio, one can make some sense of the political climate in Moscow.

In 1933, the Soviet Union began working in earnest toward its ultimate goal of world revolution. By 1938, however, its leaders recognized that this goal could not be attained by propaganda alone. Propaganda, ac-

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cordingly, was bolstered by the establishment of a strong army; while the enlarged Red Army was part and parcel of the propaganda campaign, it was also created, ostensibly, to defeat any attacks by hostile states.

When consideration is given to the increasing amounts spent by Soviet Russia on her army, it becomes obvious that her military effort in recent years has been enormous. The mounting appropriations each year for the army aptly illustrate the new Russian militarism. For example: in 1933, the military budget amounted to 1,500,000,000 rubles; the next year, it leapt to 5,000,000,000, in 1935 to 8,000,000,000, in 1936 to 14,800,000,000 rubles, in 1937 to 22,400,000,000 rubles, the ensuing year to 34,000,000,000, last year to 40,000,000,000, and in 1940 the Red Army appropriation amounted to 57,600,000,000 rubles (representing 31.7 per cent of the entire budget for the U.S.S.R.).

Consider these astonishing figures in another light. Just before the start of the Polish campaign, the official census of the U.S.S.R. gave the population as 183,000,000. The breakdown of the figures shows that the Red Army budget that year represented 25 rubles per month per capita. Now, according to Moscow statistics, the average income of a worker in the Soviet Union is 287 rubles monthly, which is to say that 10 per cent of every Comrade's income went into armaments. [This percentage is considerably removed from the actual fact. It assumes that from birth to death, every citizen of the U.S.S.R. is employed. The most liberal estimate, however, places the working population of the U.S.S.R. at approximately 40 per cent of the total population. Thus, the amount taken from the average Soviet worker for defence expenditures is closer to 25 per cent of his wages.] As the Soviet authorities, however, realize to the full the old axiom that "any increase in taxation decreases the popularity of the rulers," the annual income tax—which of course is visible—has not been augmented. These huge sums for the army and navy have been obtained, first, by a blanket sales tax, foodstuffs included; second, by an increase in working hours without added compensation; and, third, by contracting the length of paid vacations. To make these sacrifices more palatable to the comrades, there is incessant propaganda to the effect that the U.S.S.R. may be invaded any hour.

THIS is a new and recent note in Soviet propaganda, and it began, over the air and in the newspapers, simultaneously with the announcement of the 1940 defence budget. What nation, or nations, are on the brink of invading the Soviet Union are not specified; the stress is on "unexpected dangers and emergencies." Anyone well-informed in Moscow admits that the "unexpected dangers and emergencies" are nothing less than the general discontent that is appearing in various parts of the U.S.S.R. That discontent had its inception in the new taxes, the substantial increase in all prices which in some categories (clothing, shoes and textiles) have gone up 100 per cent.

Politically and militarily speaking,

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it appears that the Soviet Union looks to this winter as a period of watchful waiting. Recently some 145 Red Army divisions, which were ostensibly engaged in "maneuvers" along the country's western frontier, have been withdrawn. Foreigners cannot learn whether these divisions have been demobilized or moved to other frontiers.

The utmost difficulty has always accompanied any attempt to obtain reliable figures of the numerical strength and mechanical efficiency of the Red Army. The best figures, based on official statistics, disclose that since 1935 a total of 9,650,000 men had been trained under conscription, which went into effect as early as 1930.

Less specific data, however, also derived from Soviet official sources, state that the U.S.S.R. is able, in the event of emergency, to call up 30,000,000 trained reserves. As to the quality of the men, the opinion of foreign military attachés is at variance. Some of them point out that in the campaign against Finland during the winter of 1939-40, the Russian soldier did not show to great advantage, although it is true that in the end the Finns sued for peace. Also, it should be remembered that the Red Army tried to advance, and eventually did advance, at a time of difficult weather conditions.

THE consensus of military attachés, however, is that the chief military strength of Russia lies in its motorized divisions and other detachments. Particular emphasis is laid on aircraft production. In 1938, for example, the German military attaché at Moscow, Colonel von Bulow, reported to Berlin that the U.S.S.R. at that time had twenty-eight airplane factories, and that as long ago as 1936 the airplane production, in that twelve months' period, was approximately 8,000 machines (including transport as well as fighting planes). According to his report, the nation could without great difficulty increase its airplane production to 20,000 machines annually. In the year 1938, the number of planes possessed by the country was given as between 15,000 and 17,000. In the same year, trained pilots and observers were reported to number 150,000.

ACCORDING to estimates of other military attachés at Moscow, in 1939 Russian had some 20,000 parachutists, and each transport plane was capable of carrying up to 100 parachutists or other troops. The previous year, the total number of tanks was given as 1,500 of between twenty and thirty-three tons. [That figure may have been reduced by losses in the Finnish campaign.] In 1939, more than a hundred tanks were built, but their size is not specified.

To revert for a moment to the propaganda aforementioned, the Moscow radio, as well as other stations, refer with regularity to the "imperialist aims of the belligerents," but whether this is meant to describe Britain alone, or Britain and Germany both, is not made clear, perhaps with reason.

The consensus of the diplomatic corps at Moscow, it may be said with finality, is that the U.S.S.R. is not expected to engage in any hostilities before the end of the winter, except in the event of invasion.

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Twenty-five Years Ago

World events as interpreted by The Living Age, *January 1916*

THERE was much discussion in the British journals of President Wilson's request from Congress of the inconsiderable—according to present-day standards—increase of $150,000,000 in military and naval appropriations, for "preparedness." Said the *New Statesman*: "There is, indeed, a startling irony in the circumstances. Here is Europe still anxiously wondering whether the war's sequel will be the increase of armaments or their reduction; and here is the United States, pacifism's traditional exponent, leaping into the arena, the first to adopt the militarist conclusion and to set an example of fresh army and navy expansion for the rest to follow." The London *Nation* also considered it an ill omen: "We used to think of the little neutral peoples of Europe as her vestal virgins, inviolate and inviolable, while all around them must arm against lawless force. When the fate of Belgium dispelled that illusion, it was still a consolation to think that across the Atlantic eighty millions of civilized men preserved a disdainful security and cherished a fearless pacifism, while our world was riven by strife. . . . That illusion, too, is gone. If it is not the greatest tragedy of this war it is perhaps the most startling measure of the whole decline of our civilization. We are under the wave, so deep beneath it that we can hardly see our case, but we can measure its violence by its back-wash upon that distant shore."

The *Spectator* found it a sign that "Nemesis has overtaken" Wilson. "He tried to be neutral in his attitude to the issues of the war, and now events are proving too strong for him. We do not mean, of course, that he was wrong in his determination to remain physically neutral. . . . But what is fairly open to our judgment and criticism is his paradoxical attempt to remain neutral on a moral issue. . . . His notion that the Germans and the Allies were all good fellows, unhappily engaged in quarrelling about some European policies which could not possibly concern the United States, cannot any longer be sustained. The moral issue touches him very closely indeed."

In the *New Witness*, G. K. Chesterton ridiculed the suffragettes for meddling in foreign affairs, of which he considered them ignorant. "The best example, perhaps, is that of Miss [Sylvia] Pankhurst, whose remarkable views of foreign policy are now vented every week in *Britannia*, which used to be the *Suffragette*—or, rather (I regret to say), which is still the *Suffragette*. . . . I should like to ask any critics what they can make of the following sentence, for I confess I can make nothing of it. Like a great part

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of *Britannia*, it is printed in large capitals, which seems to exclude the idea of a misprint. For though all papers, including our own, have been known to have misprints, it is very unusual to see Pears' Soup instead of Pears' Soap in large letters on an advertisement. The headline runs: 'AVERT A PAN AND ISLAMIC REVOLT!' Why should Miss Pankhurst avert a pan? Who threw the pan? What is a pan revolt? Can it be a suffragette rising of oppressed wives armed with kitchen utensils? These questions crowd upon my mind, and are somewhat bewildering at first; but on consideration I conclude that some political description must be intended. To all mortal appearance it would seem that these ladies attach to the word 'Pan-Islamic' the idea that there are two great Eastern religions now in alliance, the religion of Islam and the worship of Pan. Perhaps they think the Greeks worship Pan. Or must that divine monosyllable always be separated by a conjunction from everything else? Ought we to describe Miss Pankhurst herself as the firm of Pan and Khurst? A singular business."

Arnold Lunn, describing *Switzerland in War Time* in the *Cornhill Magazine*, wrote: "My Bernese friends seemed confident that Germany would win and win quickly. A journalist ventured to remark that Kitchener had said that the war would last three years, and he was promptly informed that the Germans would take Paris in three weeks. 'Nothing can stop them. I hear they have some wonderful secrets up their sleeve, some new kind of gun against which nothing can stand.' 'But even if they take Paris,' said the journalist, 'they will not have beaten England.' 'Oh, if they take Paris, they will tell the French that they will let them off with a very slight indemnity if they can persuade England to withdraw, and then England must withdraw.' 'Humph,' said the journalist, 'they are very obstinate, these English.' "

According to E. J. Dillon, in the *Contemporary Review*, Greece "puts her ease, profit and prosperity above strenuous effort and painful self-denial. She is deaf to voice of duty. . . . The Greeks are not a warlike race, neither are they the stuff of which martyrs are fashioned. A people of struggling traders, they have a keen eye for a bargain and an ingrained repugnance to war. Peace is the element in which they flourish; warfare that in which they perish."

THE *Dublin Review's* opinion on *The National Temper and the Press* was that "the best rule is that the newspapers should in statements of fact be scrupulously exact and should in their tone represent truly the national temper. There is a good deal to be proud of in John Bull's character and temper. He has little imagination; he indulges in a certain quiet boasting, and is as certain that one Englishman could beat four Germans as he was in 1815 that he could beat four Frenchmen. But he is not at all disposed to ignore in practice the difficulties he has to overcome. His very lack of imagination is a great safeguard not only against panic but against the approaches of panic in time of trial."

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Poems of the Month

Selected by OSCAR WILLIAMS

The Four Appearances

I

It is the sunlight only, the pure shape
of shapelessness, the moonlight only,
the moving light on the moving wall;
the shadow indistinguishable from light,
and time's beat, heart's beat, so that each from all
only as falling leaf from falling leaf might fall,
one from another and into another escape,
flight and fear on the quick tongue of delight—

and the soft hand, folding the soft other,
which with a breath is gone and come,
surrounding, or by miracle surrounded,
forgetting or forgotten, known, unknown:
deeply implanted in the budding bone,
bedded in the eye, profoundly founded
in light, the father, and dark, the mother,
seed in impermanence softly sown—

and the harp breaking all its strings at once,
icicles tinkling from a frozen wall,
snapped ecstasy of time, for time renewed,
while the disparate loves, with desperate eyes,
search their own shapes for such as might delude,
to feed the rainbow on its daily food
(lest the whole splendid mythos fall)
of self-engendered lies.

II

And then the change, as if the wind had changed:
the slight quicksilver shiver in a field of clouds:
the golden shudder in a field of golden wheat:
that lustrous and anchored smoke so slowly shifted,
and the leaves silverly lifted:
or as the familiar wall, by frost estranged,
waits white and blindfold in the frightened street,
till the sun's fingers and the blind ice meet:
and suddenly your hand is new before you,
as new and sharp as the stone beside the sea,
transparent—look!—as you lift it against the sun!

And there you watch the blood like ichor run
in aureate radiance round the skeleton—
it is the sunlight running round the bone,
the gilded lie of living that runs around the stone,
and your own isolation come to adore you:
cold as a moonlith beside the sea you stand,
a separate Thing between the sun and sand,
alien to each; and with hard eye perceive
(staring, to hate, and hating, to believe—)
how, all about you, crystal, foam, and grain,
seaweed and weather, cruelly enchain
each the other's aborted and smoothworn self,
the indifferent pattern of the hour to weave.

III

Next out of sunlight the sphere globed and sleek
such as the sunlight of a dream might break,
and the sphered godlike image there contained,
its violent and human beauty strained
into that sudden size, that sudden shape—
whirling concentric, never to escape,
the beautiful face towards you turned, but pained,
and all that golden strength so bound and weak:

and your own elbows against your sides hard pressed,

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and your own heart mutinous against its breast,
as like maimed gods, or gods defamed,
powerless and sad, with sad self-pitying eyes,
from tortured world to tortured world you glare,
each measuring ruin in the other's state,
each in other to see the godhood named.
but prisoner, too, and lamed:

and so, each in his sphere of sunlight, blown
bubble-like away in time, brief thistledown
that meets in air, touches, and lightly parts,
lost as soon as found and known,
separated with constrained hearts,
each to each backward turning still, to see
that violent beauty by selfhood overthrown,
and, in the noble eyes, the look of agony.

IV

Then again change, as if the wind had changed,
or the eyelids closed, and the dream opened, the dream
turning a silver leaf, showing a silver seam:
as if in a garden the wind touched a tree,
and suddenly all was stirred and estranged,
all motion and commotion, all flurry and hurry,
leaf against blossom moving, blossom over blossom,
shadow and twinkle, and something that seems to be
a moving face, eyes, a hand, a bosom—

yes, and the white shoulder, then, and the quick mouth
laughing under the quick dark eyes, the bright face
turning with the wind—as if a wind had come from the south
bringing with it the whole tree of silver metal:
the wreathed goddess in her whirl of petal
opening her arms to the night,
winding the stars about her shoulders in delight,
turning and turning, yet motionless in that place—

yourself motionless too, and as if not there,
but under the closed eyelids in a dream aware
of the changed tree and yourself changed, the confusion
as of leaves and arms, leaves and hair,
and your own hands on the cold blossoms bare,
and in your powerful vision the illusion
of the divine blossom suddenly become one
with the dark tree of sight it buds upon.

—Conrad Aiken
in VICE VERSA,
The New Poetry Magazine

Crime

Envy the mad killer who lies in the ditch and grieves,
Hearing the horns on the highway, and the tires scream:
He tries to remember, and tries, but he cannot seem
To remember what it was he buried under the leaves.

By the steamed lagoon, near the carnivorous orchid,
Pirates hide treasure and mark the place with a skull,
Then lose the map, and roar in pubs with a skinful,
In Devon or Barbados; but remember what they hid.

But what was it? But he is too tired to ask it.
An old woman mumbling her gums like incertitude?
The proud stranger who asked the match by the park wood,
Or the child who crossed the park every day with the lunch-basket?

He cannot say, nor formulate the delicious
And smooth convolution of terror, like whipped cream,
Nor the mouth, rounded and white for the lyric scream
Which he never heard, though he still tries, nodding and serious.

His treasure: for years down streets of contempt and trouble,
Hugged under his coat, among sharp elbows and rows
Of eyes hieratic like foetuses in jars;

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Or he nursed it unwitting, like a child
asleep with a bauble.

Happiness: what the heart wants. That is
its fond
Definition, and wants only the peace in
God's eye.
Our flame bends in that draft; and that
is why
He clutched at the object bright on the
bottom of the murky pond.

Peace, all he asked: past despair and past
the uncouth
Violation, he snatched at the fleeting hem,
though in error;
Nor gestured before the mind's sycophant
mirror,
Nor made the refusal and spat from the
secret side of his mouth.

Though a tree for you is a tree, and in the
long
Dark no sibilant tumor inside your enor-
mous
Head, though no walls confer in the silent
house,
Nor the eyes of pictures protrude, like a
snail's, each on its prong,

Yet envy him, for what he buried is buried
By the culvert there, till the boy with the
air-gun
In spring, at the violet, comes; nor is ever
known
To go on any vacations with him, lend
money, break bread.

And envy him, for though the seasons
stammer
Past pulse in the yellow throat of the
field-lark,
Still memory drips, a pipe in the cellar-
dark,
And in its hole, as when the earth gets
warmer,

The cold heart heaves like a toad, and lifts
its brow
With that bright jewel you have no use for
now;
While puzzled yet, despised with the attic
junk, the letter
Names over your name, and mourns under
the dry rafter.

—Robert Penn Warren
in THE NATION

Angina Pectoris

The steady heart, which in its steadiness
Allowed formation of the somewhat, life,
Unsteadies, stops, and so a thick debris
Drops to the sidewalk, where the poor
limbs sprawl
Like things a child had made of mud, and
all
The color leaves the face, pale as a knife.

When the man walked down the street in
his mackinaw,
Or sat in a bar-room gurgling at his beer,
It was only a small usurper of oxygen
I noticed; I'd have seen him ship for
Spain,
Or go to Dakota and die working with
grain,
And never thought, or been glad he was
not here.

But now that I see him neutral earth, to
bury
In earth, for damp, or a pale, poetic swarm
Of worms to end, I'm sorry; I wish him
what
I'd not wish other mud: that he ate to-night
With children he loved; that the meal was
heavy and right,
That he slept with plenty of quilts to keep
him warm.

—W. R. Moses
in FIVE YOUNG AMERICAN POETS,

Sound Track

Going into the show one heard nothing
but closing sounds,
Doors closing, shutters drawing down;
Except before the palace and ice cream
parlor
One heard the closing of the town,
One heard the shades and shops and night-
fall drawing down.

But after Harlow listen what has arisen,
The rustle of feet in leaves and leaves in
black,
The suck of straws and slam of a screen
door rising,
Rising the racket of frogs in the waking
black,
In the town in the field in the heart and
the whole way back.

—Josephine Miles
in THE SOUTHERN REVIEW

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Speaking of Books

By Leon Bryce Bloch

IN HER sourcebook of make-believe, called *Arena*, Mrs. Hallie Flanagan devotes some space to an examination of the question of whether the WPA arts projects should have been concerned more with art than with the need to eat. This same problem has been up for discussion many times, and in many circumstances, since the day Adam carefully polished the apple Eve had given him—because he liked to see it shine—before taking a bite into it.

For more than 400 pages this volume unwinds a not too encouraging grave-side narration of the late lamented Federal Theater. I, for one, am stumped at the inability of anybody to draw solid conclusions from the evidence adduced here. It all points to one inevitability. Summed up in homely fashion that conclusion is: "Castor oil pours from a spoon—art is less fluid." Not only art, but life, and dreams, and the desire of men to fight through difficulties—with their own bare fists if necessary—and to hell with that condescending, patronizing, selfish hand-out to the few.

If truth be told, the question to be considered is not: Should the Federal Government through its various arts projects, devote the energies of an army of variously motivated individuals to solving a spiritual or a physical need? Not by a jugfull. And Federal Theater, it seems to me, along with all the other "arts projects," failed because it was unable to find a leadership which could not only recognize, but also put into action, the real potentialities of this great public-works program.

One man, at least, among the many, had the dream. He is Mr. Eduard C. Lindeman, who directed a set-up known as the Recreation Project. The reasons why he did not go further are many, and beyond his control. But perhaps that is beside the point. We are now concerned with the Federal Theater Project, and I do not wish to draw invidious comparisons. However, we should glance around at all the guests if we are making a report on the complexion of the gathering.

What do you mean by "the real potentialities" of the program, I seem to hear a small voice in the rear asking. Or is it heckling? To state it simply, the whole WPA (not only the arts projects, but most pertinently the arts projects) had the greatest opportunity given man in the twentieth century to build the morale of the American people and to send them forth, fighting again, to fashion a better nation and a better world. This huge Federal exploit should have given America a new unity, a new strength, a new purpose and a new economic beginning, or at least set these things in motion in the

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estimated ten million souls with whom it directly or indirectly dealt.

Instead, the effective leadership appears to have been lead—willingly or unwillingly—into a policy that at best kept breath in the body and gave tasks to idle hands, and at worst inured portions of our population to shiftlessness and pauperism.

I weep for the opportunity lost.

Another heckler is hissing at me, "Why didn't you do something about it, then?" The answer is, I tried desperately. Not on one, but on many occasions. Here is the record:

At the beginning of the entire effort I offered a plan, with social purpose, to the powers who were beginning to take over. Later I went to Washington and made a more comprehensive survey and report on what might be done. At that time I was very graciously received and given access to many records, by Mrs. Flanagan and other individuals. Many of the people mentioned in this book will remember this occasion since it precipitated some intramural competition. At a still later date, I attempted to effect some action through one of the state organizations.

In explanation and perhaps as some justification for the WPA officials, I hasten to say that I was not one of them, in fact I had flatly rejected a suggestion that I become one of them. Perhaps that was a mistake on my part, but I felt that I could be more effective on the outside, where my vision would not be obstructed by the lace curtains on the windows. Then, too, it may be that my social concepts were worthless and that I and those who agreed with me were in error.

In any event, little or nothing was done to help American communities and American individuals to help themselves. And, therefore, I feel that any exposition of the doings of these projects is somewhat futile.

There is hope, however, that realization of all the shortcomings of these projects may come to those who may be responsible next time. And so it is worth recalling and reporting critically on what has been done. To this degree Mrs. Flanagan's book performs a tremendously useful service. In it are set down just about every effort that was made by Federal Theater, and much about the individuals who were responsible for them. There are some excellent pictures, voluminous tables of productions, and financial statements. Some of this material I saw long ago; seeing it again has somehow made vivid a strangely forgotten yesterday.

ARENA. *By Hallie Flanagan. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 1940. 475 pages. $3.00.*

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WHY MEN BEHAVE LIKE APES & VICE VERSA. *By Ernest Albert Hooton. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. 1940. 234 pages. $3.00.*

This interesting document is primarily a call for the integration of the biological and sociological sciences of *homo sapiens*. It is a soundly scientific work done with a light touch—of course popularized in Mr. Hooton's inimitable manner. In the author's eyes "the dignity of man" suffers a little by comparison with apes, but is not seriously wounded. Mr. Hooton even believes that the painful comparison may help man to understand better why he comes off second best on some occasions. The emphasis is always on man, and Mr. Hooton betrays his secret, in spite of all

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his beguilery. Just between me, Mr. Hooton and the whole world—he has a deeper concern than most men for the human race.

THE GREAT AMERICAN MYTH. *By George S. Bryan. New York: Carrick & Evans. 1940. 392 pages, bibliography and index. $3.75.*

Mr. Bryan has performed an excellent and much-needed task—he has cleared away a lot of untruth and exposed much fiction in connection with the murder of Abraham Lincoln. Here is considerable new material and a revaluation of some old. John Wilkes Booth is portrayed in an intelligent and revealing manner, and in the light of modern psychological knowledge. Some interesting sidelights of the area around Washington and Baltimore in the middle nineteenth century. Also a realistic understanding of the "revolutionary" and anti-Negro movement in New York City which threatened the security of the nation more than the secession of the South, movements which culminated in a powerful drive to set up a separate state in Manhattan. Intelligent debunking and constructive information.

This volume is a must for all serious students of American history and for the layman, too. Might help self-appointed social reformers who wish to remake America, section by section, through now-indigenous schemes for action.

THE PRESIDENT MAKERS. *By Matthew Josephson. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1940. 565 pages, bibliography and index. $3.75.*

Here are set down, with clarity and insight, the political aspects of an era in American history. It is an era of rugged individualism come of age and gone into decay. Here is the essence of the struggle between the forces of unmitigated capitalism and liberal reform—a struggle between two concepts equally unable to solve the great human problems which finally precipitated us into World War I under Wilson. But it should be apparent to all who read this book with analytical acumen that our participation was as inevitably inherent in the events of the preceeding two decades as was the inability of the American leadership to know what to do about it.

WHO WAS THIS NAZARENE? *By Dr. Albert F. Gilmore. New York: Prentice Hall. 1940. 322 pages, bibliography and index. $2.75.*

An intelligent and liberal biography of Jesus. Dr. Gilmore gives a nonsectarian view of Christ's mission and appeals to men to accept His way in order to gain a life of security and peace. The author points out that the Church rather than the churches is gaining victory today—that men are turning again to a reading of Scriptures. And, he says, despite the ignominy and despair of the world today, the Christ is reaching humanity. Referring to the fact that, "while the human Jesus passed from mortal view, the Christ is ever present," Dr. Gilmore finds in this new interpretation a reconciliation of revelation with reason. Moreover, he says:

"It solves a serious problem for the Jewish race. Jewish theology was founded upon the solid base of one God. The concept of Jesus as God, in consequence, has kept many from accepting the Christian religion or of acknowledging its Founder as the Messiah. The understanding that Jesus, the man, presented, expressed the Christ-idea in incomparable fullness removes the difficulty, for it leaves untouched the main thesis of the Old Testament, One God and Father of all."

YESTERDAY IS DEAD. *By Stuart Cloete. New York: Smith & Durrell. 1940. 267 pages. $2.50.*

This is a shocking book, and so intended in the literal meaning of the adjective. It is intended to rouse the United States to a realization of the nature of the social revolution which is taking place in the world, of which the war itself is only a symptom. Mr. Cloete sees it as the crisis in human evolution, the point at which man either retreats to an instinctive animal life or establishes the basis for a socialized future. Hitler he sees as a master at making use of the dim, dark forces of man's subconscious and of his racial memories, forces which less cynical leaders prefer to ignore. The hope which Mr. Cloete offers is the reaction to action. "Nor are those who feel the present civilization a failure necessarily Communists, National Socialists or Fascists," he says. "There are

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many others who have no name or slogan. They might be described as Christians, though they would say that they belonged to no established church. They might be described as liberal-socialists, but both liberals and socialists are dogs with bad names. Yet, without a party, without a war cry, without propaganda or a political machine they are, most probably, the bulk of a civilized population, men of goodwill, who are ready to give up a little of what they have so that others shall have more. . . . And it is they who will, in the end, when they are roused out of their lethargy, produce an order that may approximate the Bill of Rights."

Hitler, he thinks, "may prove to be the savior of the world. For the world could be saved by an Antichrist. Its revolts against him would have the same effect as the coming of a new Messiah."

LETTER OF CREDIT. *By Jerome Weidman. New York: Simon and Schuster. 1940. 442 pages. $2.75.*

Mr. Weidman did not set out to see the world in his role of successful author but as a young man from the Bronx who had never before travelled far from New York City. He intended not to "study world conditions" but to see such sights as the Tower of London of which he had read all his life, while they still remained to be seen. As it turned out, he found, in spite of himself, that the people in the world just before war broke out were what interested him; the monuments and the suit from the best London tailor were disappointing. The author is too imaginative and too intelligent to be truly naive, but neither does he make any pretensions to being more sophisticated than he is. Only when he comes to the Far East does he occasionally fall into seeing it through Somerset Maugham's eyes rather than Jerome Weidman's. Even so, this remains a fresh and exciting book.

I CHOSE DENMARK. *By Francis Hackett. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc. 1940. 291 pages. $2.50.*

As the title of the book implies, Mr. Hackett has not set out to prove that Denmark is the best country in the world but to tell why he himself—a cosmopolitan "liberal"—preferred to live there rather than in Ireland or the United States or England or any of the other countries with which he is familiar. Through many years in America, years which included Hull House and the *New Republic*, he had remained an Irish nationalist, but when he returned to the "free" Ireland, he found it disappointing and concluded that "once nationality is the vested interest of a political party, and once this party monopolizes it, you have the postwar nationalism which is fascism," in Ireland as much as in Italy or Germany. In Denmark, he found a different kind of nationalism, a communal pride which did not attempt to dominate minorities, which did not depend for its strength on the use of force. Internally, laws were enforced primarily by social pressure rather than by police action; externally, it was pretty hopeless for Denmark to try to defend itself by force, anyway, so the forts might as well be turned into playgrounds and money be spent on socially useful projects. "All the money spent on education in a year before it was invaded could not have given Denmark more than a hundred big bombing planes, putting a bombing plane at a million kroner ($250,000). As a military power, Denmark is nothing in and by itself, and when an intelligent Dane adverts to this he cannot help being subdued. The immense quantitative superiorities that are asserted in totals rather than averages reach huge numbers of billions that leave a Dane mute and stupefied." That is the point of Mr. Hackett's book: though the Danes had reached such a high average in matters of economic well-being, public health, orderliness, general social intelligence, when they came up against Nazi Germany, it was only comparative totals of military strength that counted.

Moscow 1979. *By Erik R. and Christiane von Kuehnelt-Leddihn. New York: Sheed and Ward. 1940. 337 pages. $2.75.*

Readers daring enough to join the authors in facing the imaginable horrors of forty years hence will find here at least as much as they have bargained for. In compensation, there is a picture of extreme courage inspired by religious faith.

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AUTHOR IN TRANSIT. *By Lancelot Hogben. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 1940. 278 pages. $2.50.*

LANCELOT HOGBEN is the author of the much-bought book, *Mathematics for the Million.* He is also Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen. Early in April 1939 he gave an address in Oslo, and was about to take the airplane for Aberdeen, when he learned that the airport of the Norwegian capital was in German hands. A trip of 300 miles became a trip of 20,000 miles which took him almost all around the globe. This was the shortest route home.

In this book Professor Hogben tells of his observations on that long trek. The bulk of this volume is devoted to a record of his experience in the Soviet Union. Frankly, he did not like it. He entered the country, he says, with an open mind. The reader feels that he left it with a closed mind for the belief that the Bolsheviks are building up a proletarian utopia.

He did not like the smell of the country, from the start. It revealed only too clearly the lack of sanitary plumbing. He did not like the average Russian's inability too add up two and three without the counting frame. Nor did he like the deep ignorance of the people about world affairs and their addiction to long-winded arguments about some general thesis which may be right or wrong but which would not matter anyway. On his long trip across Siberia he saw only three people reading and two of them were reading old copies of a Moscow newspaper. What is the sense, Professor Hogben asks, of improving the literacy rate when people do not know what to do with their newly won knowledge?

All across Siberia he saw evidences of Russian help to Germany. In the port of Vladivostok he saw sky-high piles of Japanese goods consigned to the Reich. The Russians were particularly amiable to the German-speaking fellow passengers, either not knowing that they were Jews or else assuming that anyone speaking German was a friend *ex officio.*

Professor Hogben is sad rather than vindictive in writing about Russia. He feels that his disappointment was due to over-stimulated hopes rather than Russian inefficiency or the viciousness of the system. At the end of this Soviet intermezzo he took a boat to Japan in the conviction that human nature defies attempts at forcing its traits with the artificial measures of a hot-house. Russia is dirty and ignorant because a quarter of a century is insufficient to break her of inveterate habits. And it is still Russia and not the U.S.S.R.—a province of the universal Eldorado of the proletarian.

The delight that Professor Hogben experienced at the sight of the clean Japanese countryside was enhanced by his experiences in Russia. The contrast was so great that little time was left for sociological speculation. He saw no evidence of exhaustion as a result of the endless "China incident." He suggests, rather than urges, that Britain's attitude toward Japan should be revised, taking into consideration, evidently, the rights of the stronger.

In the United States he felt that people in this country do not feel themselves at a dead end. He finds that capitalism has still immense reserves of vitality and that it is false to say that the economy of private enterprise is moving steadily towards the state of monopoly production.

This book is interesting mostly as a kind of documentary film produced in the brains of a highly receptive observer. It claims no place among the immortals but it is better than a travel book. Only occasionally does Professor Hogben fall into the habit of trying to obscure a thought which he could also state clearly. Evidently he was thinking of the readers who do not believe that clarity may be part of profundity.

—EMIL LENGYEL

THE TROJAN HORSE IN AMERICA. *By Martin Dies. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 1940. 366 pages. $2.50.*

MR. DIES should be granted the million dollars he asks for, provided he can convince the Nazi Consul, Fritz Wiedemann, and others that he is their genuine nemesis in this country. Otherwise an unpleasant verdict on Mr. Dies and his Congressional Committee to Investigate Un-American Activities pronounced by Herr Wiedemann, may come true. "He is powerless," Wiedemann is reported to have re-

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layed to his superiors in Berlin. Unless Mr. Dies catches big fish in his books, lectures and researches, he is in danger of missing the bus.

In France, MM. Laval, Bonnet, Doriot, working huggermugger with Herr Abetz—aided to be sure, by Herr Abetz's social charm, as Jules Romains rather gullibly admits—opened the gates of the country to the Germans. The process still goes on, and Vichy is forced to consent, while Mr. Hoover's relief committee wears blinkers over its eyes, quite missing the signals blazed over the front pages, such as the retirement by Marshal Pétain of French envoys abroad who do not choose to be friendly to Hitler. Well, in this country there are genteel appeasers too, and some of them without doubt adorn Mr. Hoover's sponsor list. Before a man betrays his country he kills humanity in his heart.

Editor and Publisher recently made out a sound case to prove that American newspapers and news services have successfully resisted the cajoleries of the Nazis. Yet Mr. Dies in his recent "white paper" managed to smear a few, including Transradio Press. Mr. Dies was helpful in one instance, for Mr. Ralph Beaver Strassburger brought the most telling indictment against himself, when he issued the statement in defense of his printing the German *White Paper* that "he viewed the document as an important political paper valuable to the Republican party." So far we have had no hint of repudiation from the latter source or from the rumored future President of Columbia University, Mr. Wendell Willkie.

Behind such organizations as, let us say, "Save America First"—not mentioned in Mr. Dies' book—lies the potential danger. One such organization, with a patriotic label, is directed by a former German agent and ex-convict who conducted a German propaganda bureau in this country during the last war. A well-known upstate New York publisher and an ex-Congressman are cozily bunkered with him. If these men are armored against Mr. Dies' probing, perhaps the tax payer ought to be told why, for the tax payer and citizen is Mr. Dies' ultimate boss as he is the militant defender of democracy.

Little people like Kuhn and Zapp, insidious as they may be, are not overly important and serve but to sidetrack attention from the really big fish who meanwhile escape with glittering honors and occupy public places.

A feature strikingly passed over by Mr. Dies in his book is this: foreign agents are speedily ferreted out, as Attorney General Jackson has insisted, if not protected by a trojan centaur who neighs and feeds on the gilded oats of radio, newspaper and social prestige. It is the indigenous patrioteer whom the little democracy-lover most suspects. The former is apt to exploit a crisis in self-interest and he clears the path for the high-powered band-wagon riding on "the wave of the future."

In Mr. Dies indiscriminate net, one notes, are caught nearly all groups, mild or otherwise, working for some sort of social rehabilitation. In his *Red Paper* he was in a fever to let the world know what it already knew about blunt Communist theory. Now, what is important in social change is not promissory notes of theory (left-wing parties are not far removed in this respect from Republicans and Democrats prior to election) but, rather, the type of strategy used to grease the wheels of the democratic process toward human equalitarianism. Almost everybody admits, under the sign of progress, that probably some kind of social change is desirable. Else why do we go on to tolerate, if not to approve of, Union Now and United States of Europe campaigns among us? After all, aren't these precisely types of social and political change?

IN SPITE of his conscientious efforts, Mr. Dies does not throw much light on what we want to know and for which as tax payers we are, of course, footing the bill:

Is America at this peak of history in danger of communism? Is America in danger of fascism? Is America about to enter a total war, and why?

Pressure groups need not scare us if they are not, to put it mildly, nefariously financed. Who is behind Save America First, the Committee to Uphold the Constitution, the Silver Shirts and the Christian Front? And why?

With Mr. Will Irwin, a savant of propaganda, I am moved to conclude that the average layman can learn very little from Mr. Dies' book as to where the next sin-

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ister threat lurks. As an author, lecturer and investigator, he somehow tends to sow bewilderment. His hit-or-miss lists of names have merely the effect of stirring up panic, vigilantism, and of freezing progress. His is the error of Lord Castlereagh who continued to engineer blissful confusion and national complacency by voting in Parliament for more and better pubs—more alcoholized brains, that is, among the hard-pressed British laboring classes. But the American people will not easily be addled by Mr. Dies' brew. Have they not thrown off the poison of the Nazi Bund and the Communist snake-oil? The common man is overwhelmingly in favor of granting unlimited aid to Great Britain; he opposes dictatorship, and is firm in his resolve to strengthen democracy.

The failure of Mr. Dies' book lies, I believe, in something intangible: it tends to make the American who is loyal to democracy, the humane man who works with his neighbors for social advance, feel like an unwelcome guest in his own country so long as Mr. Dies scours the highways and byways with a faulty broom.

—PIERRE LOVING

OUR FUTURE IN ASIA. *By Robert Aura Smith. New York: Viking Press. 1940. 306 pages. $3.00.*

THIS book is a call to American opinion from an able and trained newspaper man in Far East affairs, to awaken to the true and vital nature of the United States' stake in that part of the Far East centering around the South China Sea. Mr. Smith evidently believes those who favor American withdrawal from the Orient are mistaken through lack of proper knowledge of conditions. It is with this view that he has written his pleasant, easily readable factual commentary about the rich areas of Malaya, Indo-China, Burma, the Dutch East Indies, Hongkong, Thailand and notably the Philippines. He analyzes Japan's activities and self-appointed role as a creator of a "new order" in Asia; how the United States and other powers fit in this picture; and paints a background of the whole. From this he hopes that the reader may shape a much needed intelligent comprehension of the pros and cons of the United States' immense stake in the Far East and so perceive Americans should definitely take a position to fight for this stake and prevent any Japanese or other moves that imply collapse of what freedom and democracy exists there.

This work ought to be of value not only to readers who want more than feature or magazine articles to penetrate Far Eastern headlines, but also for those who want to determine whether or not we should abandon our traditional policy of bluff and semi-apathy in the Orient, springing largely from the old Hay Open Door Note of 1899, and take belligerent and economic measures to counter Japan's expanding aggressions whose program includes totalitarian control of all the people and wealth in the South China Sea area heretofore nurtured by the United States, Britain, the Netherlands and France.

—NORTON WEBB

EUROPE AND THE GERMAN QUESTION. *By F. W. Foerster. New York: Sheed and Ward. 1940. XVIII+474 pages, with index. $3.50.*

THIS somber sermon raises the question whether anything effective can be done permanently to end German militarism even if Great Britain succeeds in its announced war aim of destroying Hitlerism.

F. W. Foerster, a German who has attacked the foreign policies of German governments since 1895, marshals facts to show that in their will to achieve power through military might the Nazis have done nothing but revive and modernize what used to be called Prussianism.

And Prussianism, he demonstrates, is a state of mind which has become a seemingly ineradicable part of the German character. An attempt to split Germany into small units, he believes, would have only temporary effect unless it were accompanied by a return to the supernational concepts of the Holy Roman Empire.

Memorably, Dr. Foerster defines Prussianism as "a highly developed morality in the service of pure immorality: an admirable order in the service of the most appalling disorder, namely the disintegration of Europe; organization in the ser-

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vice of disorganization; Christianity in the service of Antichrist."

The author reaches the conclusion that a return by Germans to Christianity is the ultimate solution. But this seems to be not a suggestion for a method of solving the problem, but rather a restatement of the solution desired. Dr. Foerster himself traces the modern Prussian spirit to the Teutonic Knights who conquered the pagan inhabitants of northeastern Germany. And these knights were members of a Christian order.

At first glance there seems to be more practical value to the suggestion that the education of German youth be placed under international control after the war, so that all Germans may be taught that their country ruined itself by militarism. In fact, however, complete military occupation for a generation probably would be needed for such a program.

With the sternness of a Hebrew prophet, Dr. Foerster calls for the punishment of his own people for submitting to war lords. Yet he is no great admirer of democracy, and says that "undoubtedly the future of the civilized world will lie with monarchy, in a new context and under new conditions."

Well worth reading.

—CHARLES M. MEISTER

SUICIDE OF A DEMOCRACY. *By Heinz Pol. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1940. 296 pages. $2.50.*

HOW France fell to Hitler like a ripe—or rather rotten—plum, destroyed from within by reactionary and Fascist conspiracies, by the moral disintegration in high circles, by criminal unpreparedness, by the working at cross-purposes of the various branches of government, by the protection of traitors and spies, by the fifth column within the government, is vividly and convincingly told by a German refugee who lived in Paris as a journalist for several years.

Rereading the famous case of the Cagoulard conspiracy, when the police discovered hundreds of arm caches all over France—machine guns, bombs and munitions bearing the stamp of German manufacture—a conspiracy in which even Pétain and Weygand were implicated, the hand of the master in Berchtesgaden appears more clearly than ever. The men of the CSAR (Comité Secret d'Action Revolutionaire) known as Cagoulards—because the chiefs, in order not to be recognized even by their subordinates in the conspiracy, wore hoods (*cagoules*)—prepared a signal for the revolt, strikingly similar to that of the Reichstag fire. The two buildings of the French Association of the Employers and of the Metallurgical Enterprises (corresponding to our National Assn. of Manufacturers) were almost completely destroyed by infernal machines and, naturally, the blame, as in the Reichstag fire, was to be attached to the "Communists" and to the liberals and Socialists in the government who tolerated such outrages. When, however, very shortly afterward the police found incontrovertible proof that the explosions had been engineered by the CSAR, only a few underlings were convicted and the leaders remained unmolested, otherwise, as Bonnet declared—the whole army would have been disorganized.

It is only regrettable that in this excellent translation, prepared by Heinz and Ruth Norden, no reference is made to the "guilt on the left," as narrated in one of the two widely read articles of Mr. Pol in the *Nation*, and to which the jacket of the book refers. Whether the translators avoided the subject on their own initiative or whether they persuaded Mr. Pol to omit it from the manuscript, in order not to embarrass some near and distant friends, will remain a mystery of the diplomacy which teaches: "Tell the truth, nothing but the truth—but by no means all the truth."

—S. N.

FIVE YOUNG AMERICAN POETS. *By Mary Barnard, Randall Jarrell, John Berryman, W. R. Moses, George Marion O'Donnell. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 1940. 222 pages. $2.50.*

LET me say to start that I consider this one of the important books in the poetry publishing of 1940. Mr. James Laughlin, head of *New Directions*, does poetry a service with such intelligent pioneering. As publisher and as editor of this anthology he wins the support of the reading public. We hope he can make such a collection of new poets an annual fixture.

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The book is divided about evenly among five poets, and each poet has written a special preface concerning his beliefs about poetry in general and his own in particular. These essays are very revealing, in that they are the gestures of the poet accompanying the act of writing his poems.

The volume is at its best in John Berryman and at its worst in Randall Jarrell. Berryman has a natural ear for catching the movement of poetry in the foliage, and an ability to put it clearly in the condensed and crystal statement. His idiom is human, his imagery controlled and beautifully timed. His verse is polished to the point of good taste, and his compassion for man is neither synthetic nor simulated. One of his poems:

The sun rushed up the sky; the taxi flew.
There was a kind of fever on the clock
That morning. We arrived at Waterloo
With time to spare and couldn't find my track.

The bitter coffee in a small café
Gave us our conversation. When the train
Began to move I saw you turn away
And vanish, and the vessels in my brain

Burst, and the train roared, the other travellers
In flames leaped, burning on the tilted air
Che si cruccia, *I heard the devils curse*
And shriek with joy in that place beyond prayer.

Randall Jarrell is the re-write man, the intellectual hotcha, the will-to-be-a-poet with no talent. But his intolerable cleverness bores one. He says that he doesn't want to write a preface, and proceeds to write one twice as long as any of the other four poets. He demands that we don't mix his preface with his poetry, but I should like to meet any one able to untie them. He writes:

In their midst a great shape rose . . . .

Unquestioning and pitiless
Among the ruined and strengthless dead,
It lifts above the bloody field
Its powerful and lifeless head.

This seems to show too strongly the influence of Allen Tate. Compare it with the following:

So I leaving Lytle to that dream
Decided what it is in time that gnaws
The aging fury of a mountain stream
When suddenly, as an ignorant mind will do,
I thought I heard the dark pounding its head
On a rock, crying: Who are the dead?
Then Lytle turned with an oath—By God it's true!

Mary Barnard's verses are delicate, shy and unresolved. Her *Playroom*:

Wheel of sorrow, centerless.
Voices, sad without cause,
Slope upward, expiring on grave summits.
Mournfulness of muddy playgrounds,
Raw smell of rubbers and wrapped lunches
When little girls stand in a circle singing
Of windows and of lovers.

Hearing them, no one could tell
Why they sing sadly, but there is in their voices

The pathos of all handed-down garments
Hanging loosely on small bodies.

is full of human sympathies and rich pleasing imagery.

W. R. Moses' poetry is the poetry of *under*writing, a paring down that takes off not only the meat and fat, but sometimes also slivers of the bone. This hurts, and consequently the reader has to bring too much paraphernalia to the reading of these verses. Mr. Moses is also in danger of being a poet with one poem (see this month's "Poems of the Month"), a remarkable piece of work.

George Marion O'Donnell pretends quietly. His poems are competent. In his attempt to "formalize" his poetry, his recognizably human experience of being O'Donnell as a "total quality," is fast fading. The more he works on his picture of tradition the more it darkens. The imagery is sometimes charming, his felicity wears gloves, a sort of magnetized mediocrity like this:

Ross waited under the still trees;
Shadow lay dead across his knees.
Europe was half a world away

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From that burnt September day,
But fortress, city, armed frontier
Were near as now and close as here;
For all the bright abstract terrain
Was vivified in Ross's brain
And he, the modern Hercules,
Supported Europe on his knees
Where the colored map was spread.

In the still trees above his head,
Crouched upon a lower limb,
A panther lay regarding him;
Piston thigh and razor tooth
Concentrated on his youth.
Between the panther and the map,
Ross waited in a balanced trap.
The panther, watching from the shade,
Tightened for his leap, delayed,
And poised with muscles taut, intent
Upon the passionless descent.

—O. W.

BOOKS ABROAD

THE BOOK OF THE DAY

By CINCINNATUS

Hoy, Mexico City

FRANCISCO CAMPOS, Minister of Interior and Justice in Brazil, has just published a book titled *The National State: Its Structure and Ideology*.

This work is comparable to Machiavelli's *Prince*, adapted to the development of our political and social institutions. The advice that the famous Florentine gave Caesar Borgia has now been transmitted by the press and the radio to all the peoples of the world and their governments. During normal times, such a book would have passed unnoticed by the mass of people and would only have been perused by the erudite. Its doctrines, like many others, would have been discussed in academies, clubs, and in the halls of legislative chambers of civilized nations and then would have been completely forgotten. But in the abnormal times in which we now live, in this hurricane which destroys political institutions in existence for thousands of years and tears out of our minds concepts held sacred for generations, Campos' book is the unexpected spark which falls and ignites our last refuge, and leaves

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us completely at the mercy of the tempest.

What is most curious is that Campos' book, which ought to be on the list of books prohibited by the American democracies, is at present the most discussed work in the Latin-America press. It has awakened the desire to read it of millions in Ibero-America and will confuse those who still believe in the democracies.

The American democracies, with the exception of Canada and the United States, are still in an embryonic state for two reasons: the mental incapacity of the people and the immorality of the rulers. Democratic institutions exist only on paper and in dissertations meant for fools. What really exist are dictatorships hidden behind the mask of a deluded popular will.

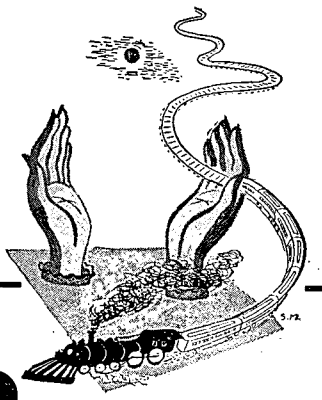
It cannot be otherwise. Democracy, like that of Athens, presupposes the existence of a homogeneous citizenry, with equal culture, education, rights and obligations. In order to arrive at this peak of political philosophy, one has to pass through many stages, and in each stage there is a victim who expiates the sins of others. In the course of centuries, it is possible that true democracy will come about in Latin America. Today there is nothing more than grotesque imitations which corrupt the national soul.

According to John W. White, the New York *Times* correspondent at Buenos Aires, Campos' book is more harmful to the democracies than any other book written either by Hitler or Mussolini, and since it is written in a persuasive style, is more dangerous for the readers of the Americas.

"Brazil, although a democratic State, is at the same time totalitarian because the supreme authority resides in the President," one reads on page 81. Violence, as in Machiavelli's *The Prince*, is an accepted instrument of government and the present period is one of transition in which democracy has remained stationary, while totalitarianism advances rapidly throughout the world" (page 17).

"There is not one country in which the preordained is not expected, no nation which does not ardently desire the arrival of a Caesar."

Campos sees salvation only in Caesarism, a system which he more or less established in Brazil by drawing up the



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present Federal Constitution. The latter confers almost dictatorial powers on the President, who has suppressed the ancient and valuable check on Federal legislative power by the supreme court. This institution, clearly developed by Chief Justices of the United States from Marshall to Hughes, has been laid aside by Campos so that the President of the Republic will meet with no obstacles in the exercise of his dictatorial powers, since Congress has delegated the power of making laws to the Executive.

Campos proclaims this political ideology frankly when he says: "Liberal democracy is an illusion which has no place in our epoch." And what substitute does Campos recommend? Caesarism? Dictatorship? Totalitarianism? Caesarism is a phenomenon of a civilized but decadent country. No country of Latin America is in that situation. Dictatorship has been the system of government of the majority of Ibero-American countries with purely negative, although not disastrous, results. The only system which remains to be tried is the totalitarian which Campos suggests.

In the construction of his ideal state, this famous Brazilian author-politician forgets the elementary base for all political systems that the world has known, which is that nothing can be built without an enlightened citizenry as the foundation: a legitimate republic, like a totalitarian state, requires the gathering together of a disciplined, enlightened and political people, or a nation which truly understands what its vital interests are and knows how to choose its rulers.

Campos affirms in his book that "the present political struggle between the individual and the masses necessitates the forceful transformation of the democratic liberal régime into a totalitarian régime, and the removal of political decisions from the intellectual sphere of public discussion into the hands of the dictator" (page 23).

BUT when have things been otherwise in Ibero-America? With the exception of Chile during the last few years, there has not been any legislative body concerned mainly with national interests and well-being. Our parliaments have only considered private interests or that of political parties, with the result that we are democratic in name only.

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